PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

AUG 2 1 194

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXII. No. 806. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1946 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 73
THE UNITED STATES IN CHINA 75
PUBLIC OWNERSHIP AND ELECTRICITY. By A. M. F. Palmer, M.P. 76
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic 77
THIS ENGLAND 77
THE PRINTERS' CLAIMS 78
ARE WE BREAKING FAITH? 78
DANISH SUMMER. By Norman MacKenzie . 79
TWO PLAYS. By Stephen Potter 80
THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait . . 80
RADIO NOTES. By Edward Sackville West . 80
A BALT FROM THE BLUE. By Sagittarius . 80
CORRESPONDENCE 80
From Leah L'Estrange Malone, L.C.C.; Dr. Ernest Jones; John Stevenson; Morgan Phillips; D. N. Pritt, K.C., M.P.; and others.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Graham Hough . 83
REVIEWS:
Miss Potter and Mrs. Heelis. By Raymond Mortimer 84
Green-Belt Cities. By G. D. H. Cole . . 84
Fear of Death. By G. W. Stonier . . 84
New Fiction. By Rayner Heppenstall . . 85
Problem or Simple Equation? By Dorothy Baker 86
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 87

SECRET COVENANTS OPENLY REPUDIATED

THE rumpus at Paris springs from a confusion between two ideas of world government. The Russian view, dating from the meetings of the Big Three during the war, has been that peace would best be secured if the Big Powers, acting alone, reached agreement on a realistic basis of self-interest. At one stage Mr. Roosevelt strongly supported this view; but, recently, the opposite view, the democratic Wilsonian conception of a World Parliament, has gained ground in the United States and Britain, and naturally attracts the smaller nations.

At Paris, the issue arises whether the twenty-one nations have the right or the power to change the Treaties with Italy, Finland, Rumania, Hungary and Bulgaria. Mr. Bevin, hard-pressed on the South Tyrol decision, surprised the House of Commons last week by stating that the Tyrolese had the right to be heard at Paris and that the Conference could reverse the decisions of the Foreign Ministers. Can it in practice do so? None of the Big Four can repudiate the agreements they have made. Nor can small Powers upset these agreements if the Big Powers stand firm by them and instruct their satellites to accept them. If, on the other hand, any of the Big Powers, though unable openly to go back on their word, are not averse from seeing their decisions changed by the small Powers, then the Foreign Ministers' agreements may be in the melting pot.

Dr. Evatt, always the champion of the rights of the smaller nations, has raised the issue in an acute form by objecting to a two-thirds majority rule and demanding decision by simple majority. If the two-thirds rule prevails, the Russian bloc could always veto any revision of the Four-Power agreements. Decision by simple majority, however, would enable recommendations repudiating the Treaties to be made by the Conference. But two can play at that game, and, by way of counter, the Yugoslav delegate has tabled a resolution demanding that "ethnic" decisions must have the agreement of the allied countries concerned. In other words, Yugoslavia, no doubt with Soviet support, claims the right to challenge the Trieste award. If the friends of Britain and America find a way to challenge agreements they dislike, friends of the U.S.S.R. can do the same.

Clearly we are making the worst of all worlds. The huckstering of power politics must be conducted, like other deeds of darkness, in secrecy. Treaties made according to democratic principles must command public respect and be subject to world opinion. This Conference, though called to ratify the agreements of the Foreign Ministers, has plumped for democracy and publicity, even admitting reporters to committee discussions, and for the first time in the history of Peace Conferences, accepting the principle of decision by vote. This combination of secret covenants with democracy and publicity is impossible. With power concentrated in the hands of a few great States, we should have the advantages and dangers of the old secret diplomacy. If decisions were left to democratic conferences, we might hope in time to see the development of world institutions which would exercise authority over even the greatest of the constituent members. But the great States will not, in view of the disparity of power, submit to any loss of their sovereignty, nor will the smaller Powers readily accept dictatorship. Therefore, we are confronted with a situation in which the Great Powers (which could do as they liked if they agreed) lead teams of smaller Powers who challenge the agreements and emphasise the disagreements of the Big Four. The logical result is the deadlock that threatens the Paris Conference at the outset.

How Many Germanies?

When the Allied Control Commission met in Berlin on Tuesday and took note of this Anglo-American decision, the comment of the Russian representative was that he did not see how there could be economic, without political, unity—or, in other words, without agreement between Russia and the West as to the type of administration to which the future government of Germany could be entrusted. The political objective of the Russians is clear: it is that as much of Germany as they can contrive should be integrated with Soviet economy under the control of the United Socialist Party. This, naturally enough, is far from being the American conception of Germany's appropriate future. In American eyes Germany is a market; and it has already been announced that ordinary commercial transactions between American and German firms will henceforth be permitted. In the now fused Zones, the U.S.A. will presumably have to pay for a larger share than heretofore of imports, and will consequently be more than ever inclined to call the political tune. Not that Mr. Bevin seems inclined to press for a greater degree of Socialism than Wall Street would stomach. The appointment of a reactionary Conservative in the person of Dr. Schlange-Schoeningen as Controller of Food and Agriculture, following on the decision to call a halt to the breaking up of the pre-war German trusts, seems to indicate that British policy does not differ greatly from American in aiming at the restoration in Germany of something disquietingly like pre-1933 conditions. Suspicions of the ulterior motive behind this policy have already been voiced with bitterness by Moscow radio; and the attitude of the French is likely, for different reasons, to be equally hostile. In his speech at Bar-le-Duc, General de Gaulle was insistent that Germany's western frontier must be the Rhine; that "the arsenal of the Ruhr" must be placed under international authority; and that the structure of the Reich should be based on federation of autonomous provinces. Unless Britain and America overrule French objection, they will have difficulty in building a viable unitary Germany west of the Russian Zone; and until basic political objectives are clarified and reconciled, the frontier between Eastern and Western Germany is likely to become more rigid, unless the Russians, fearing the danger that the Ruhr may be rebuilt against them, agree to pool the resources of Germany as a whole.

Manoeuvres in Austria

In Austria, as in Germany, cleavage between Russian and Western spheres of influence is growing sharper, with the added complication that Dr. Figl's Government, with or without inspiration from the West, has taken a step which the Russians regard as a hostile counter-move to the placing of all "German" properties in the Soviet Zone under the control of the Administra-

tion of Soviet Property in Eastern Austria. On July 26th, the Austrian Parliament, disregarding Russian objections, passed an Act for the selective nationalisation of Austrian undertakings. This measure, which represents a remarkably sudden conversion of the Catholic People's Party to Socialist ideas, has certain curious features. The oil wells and refineries in the Russian Zone are nationalised, and so are the Danube Steamship Company and the German-owned sections of the electrical industry, which the Russians, under their interpretation of the Potsdam decision, have declared to be Soviet property. On the other hand, the power plants, the magnesite deposits in the British Zone, the Schicht works owned by Unilever, the chemical, textile, paper, timber, and match industries, as well as the National Bank and the insurance companies—in all of which enterprises Western private capital is interested—have been excluded from nationalisation. The Soviet authorities, who are already operating the Zistersdorf oilfields, and have given the workers there a 82 per cent. wage increase, are unlikely to accept the validity of this Act; and they have already arrested, on grounds of "obstruction," four officials of the Settlement Company formed by the Nazis in 1938 to administer estates seized or bought by the German Government. The Americans, as if to demonstrate, in turn, their equally sudden conversion to Socialism, have announced that they propose to hand over to the Austrian Government the Hermann Goering works in their Zone. They appear, however, to be retaining the Steyr motor works, idle since liberation, and the Salt Monopoly, regardless of the fact that salt is badly needed in Eastern Austria. Reviewing developments since 1945, an objective and well-documented "Report on Austria," published (price 6*d.*) by the Union of Democratic Control, concludes that the reconstruction of Austria depends on the Great Powers "ceasing to use her as a cockpit for disputes which are basically irrelevant to Austrian economy." The Governments in Washington and London will do well to ask themselves what Austrian interests they are really seeking to promote, and to remember that the Russians are at least making the wheels turn again in their Zone.

Poland, Hungary and the West

Political developments in two of the countries within the Soviet sphere of influence on the Continent have a significant similarity: both in Poland and in Hungary the present tactics of the Left parties are to endeavour to force a split in the agrarian Right, in the hope presumably that the more progressive agrarians, having shed their extremist reactionaries, will be willing to participate in re-formed coalitions in which the Left would be in a majority. This is evidently the intention of the Polish Workers' Party in demanding that M. Mikolajczyk and the Peasant Party must choose between "the democratic camp and the terrorists"; and in Hungary the demand put forward by the Socialists, Communists and National Peasants that the Smallholders must purge themselves of their "reactionaries," whose entry into a new Fifth Party is now legalised, evidently springs from the same motives. In these circumstances, we question the wisdom of the latest British Note of protest against interference by Russia in Hungary's internal affairs. Following a pogrom in the Hungarian village of Kunmadaras, the revelation of Fascist conspiracies in Gyöngyös and other Hungarian towns, and the murder of several Russian officers in Budapest, the Russian representative on the Allied Control Commission in Hungary had requested the Hungarian Government to hand over three Members of Parliament who were accused by the Hungarian police of playing a part in counter-revolutionary activities, and to carry out more energetically the promised purge of the Civil Service. The Speaker of the House having refused to surrender the M.P.s, the Russians arrested them, and at the same time ordered the dissolution of certain suspect Catholic Youth organisations. By choosing this occasion for a Note of protest, the Foreign Office has lent colour to the belief in Hungary that the British Mission in Budapest, whose leaders are notorious for their friendly connections with the Horthy set, is championing the cause of Fascists. The latest American Note on the subject of Hungary, asking Russia to moderate her economic demands and to join the Western Allies in a common effort to restore Hungarian economic life, shattered by uncontrollable currency inflation, was better advised.

Indian Muslims in Revolt

The Muslim League at its meeting in Bombay on Monday shattered the Settlement which the Cabinet Mission seemed to have achieved with so much patience and skill. The meeting was staged with theatrical effects calculated to rouse the Muslim masses; and, after violent and bitter speeches from Mr. Jinnah and others, two resolutions were adopted unanimously; and a dozen of the leaders ostentatiously renounced their knighthoods, "awarded by an alien government." The first resolution reversed the decision taken on June 16th to accept the Mission's scheme; the second instructed the Working Committee to prepare for "direct action." The excuses for this sudden change of front were (1) that the Mission had in various ways behaved "dishonestly" and that it should have set up the Interim Government in spite of the refusal of Congress to approve its proposed composition; and (2) that the leaders of Congress had in public statements repudiated the fundamentals of the long-term scheme. The first accusations were adequately answered by Sir Stafford Cripps in Parliament. In the second excuse there is more substance. In a reckless statement to the press, Jawaharlal Nehru did say plainly that Congress would enter the Constituent Assembly without commitments. This meant, as he went on to make clear, that it was not bound to further the formation of groups of provinces, which is a fundamental item in the Mission's compromise. He predicted that the Hindustan group will not be formed at all, and argued that the basis of the Indian Union can be so enlarged as to include customs and tariffs, which the Mission deliberately omitted from its subjects. This unofficial pronouncement would have justified a strong protest from the Muslim League, but assuredly not this reversal of its assent to the Mission's scheme. What form of "unconstitutional" action it now contemplates is not clear. It has Ministries in only two of the five provinces it claimed for Pakistan, and even these hold office by precarious majorities dependent on European votes. To create Pakistan by revolutionary action would hardly be possible in these conditions, nor are the wealthy and titled men who predominate among the leaders the type who face prison gladly. What the League can do is to make provincial self-government difficult or impossible in the Punjab, Sind and Bengal; and it is difficult to see how the Constituent Assembly can ever function. This would seem to leave the Viceroy no alternative but to ask Congress to form an Interim Government, in which, if it is wise, Congress will include Muslims from outside the League.

Another Plan for Palestine

Any hopes that a constructive Anglo-American plan would do something to meet a steadily deteriorating situation have been killed by the disclosure of the so-called "federal" scheme. By reserving to the Central Government all the vital powers, including control of immigration, the scheme denies itself all the advantages which a clean-cut partition offered. Jews and Arabs will still be deprived of central responsibility and therewith of the chance of settling matters directly between themselves. The Arabs, who under a partition plan would have received immediate independence as citizens of an enlarged Transjordan, must now be content with a very limited degree of local autonomy. Far more serious, they must also accept the nucleus of a Jewish State, too small to be self-supporting, but large enough to afford a jumping-off ground for future expansion. The Jews, on the other hand, can hardly accept a scheme which not only confines them to 15 per cent. of the country, but retains for the British controlled Central Authority the final say on immigration. To make matters worse, the plan is not propounded as a policy to be quickly and firmly imposed—at this moment almost any imposed plan would be preferable to continued vacillation—but as a tentative proposal to be discussed with the Arab League and with the Jews, and then, apparently, to be further discussed in the Uno Assembly. At the very least, three months must elapse under this scheme before the Jews and Arabs of Palestine can expect a decision. In those three months the situation will probably get so much worse that no sane solution will be possible. It is clear from General Barker's order, which gives official sanction to the rampant anti-Semitism among the troops (naturally much intensified by recent outrages) that conciliation cannot be expected from those on the spot. The British, soldiers and civilians alike, are hardening against the Jewish people as a whole, and the Jews are equally embittered against this country. Not unnaturally, the Arabs are exploiting the opportunity in order to achieve one of their fondest hopes, the liquidation of the Jewish Agency. Unless rapid and decisive action is taken, we may soon have to reinforce our four divisions already there, in order to hold down both Jews and Arabs.

Back to Dictatorship in Greece

At the end of this week, the Greek Parliament adjourns until October 15th. In the meantime, the Government will rule by decree. Its hand will be strengthened by the passage of two new laws, the first purging all Republicans or persons who took part in the Resistance from the Civil Service, the second providing for the immediate provisional release of all collaborators, including those already sentenced. The first of these laws means that the plebiscite—which will take place while Parliament is adjourned—will be conducted under the supervision of civil servants entirely sympathetic to the monarchist regime. Coupled with these new laws and with the growing terror against moderate as well as extreme opposition groups, is the Greek Government's attempt to break up the trade union movement and to place it under the direct control of the Ministry of Labour. Against the active protest of Léon Jouhaux, vice-President of the World Federation of Trade Unions, who is at present in Greece, the Government has declared that the present elected leadership of the Greek T.U.C. is illegal and has arrested its four leading members, summarily sentencing them to imprisonment. This campaign against the democratic groups is plainly a preparation for the plebiscite and for the fully-fledged dictatorship which would certainly follow on the return of King George. But if the British Government is silent before this return to terror and illegal despotism, can the British T.U.C. or the W.F.T.U. ignore the suppression of a trade union movement whose reorganisation they supervised and approved?

Uneasy America

Nobody expects the new Price Control Act in the United States to work. It would have been impossible, however good the Act had been, simply to undo the effects of a month of immunity from control; and the Act is very far from being good or easy to work. It leaves a number of the most vital foodstuffs altogether uncontrolled for some weeks yet, while the question whether they are to be re-controlled, and if so on what terms, is thrashed out. It provides a cumbrous machinery for settling new prices for a large

number of goods on which some sort of control is to be reimposed; and it looks as if, here too, many weeks will pass before these prices get settled. Only on rents does the control appear to have been effectively put back; and it applies only over a limited field of federal housing. Farm prices are obviously up for good: the farm lobbies at Congress have seen to that. The cost of living, therefore, is also up for good; and that means wage increases which will be passed on in the prices of other goods. Yet it would be misleading to say that the United States is thoroughly set for a boom. The up-and-down movements of stock market prices are signs of an underlying uneasiness which prevents the American economy from going all out to make its pile by speculation—which has always been hitherto the outstanding characteristic of American boom periods. There is also an uncharacteristic amount of talk about the coming crash, and a tendency to put it nearer at hand. This talk will not stop prices from rising under the new quarter-control; but it may check the absorption of funds in speculation, and keep the rise within bounds. The next move is clearly with the Labour Unions, and is to be expected soon.

PARLIAMENT: The Last Lap

Wednesday

THOUGH no vote was taken, the Government was morally defeated last Thursday. Bob Boothby moved his motion on South Tyrol with his usual precision and fluency. John Paton expressed the Socialist case against the South Tyrol award with unanswerable sincerity. Then came excellent speeches from a Catholic Tory, Crosthwaite-Eyre, and an Independent, Wilson Harris. Though the debate arose on the initiative of the Opposition, the only serious defence of the Government's policy came from Mr. Macmillan in what was almost a parody of a statesmanlike oration. Mr. Bevin's ramblings on the "Anschluss of Austria southwards" must have caused some embarrassment to his Foreign Office officials who dislike hearing their secrets "thought aloud."

Monday's discussion of Germany, in which Philip Noel-Baker announced the Government's decision on inter-zonal policy, was conducted in a queer atmosphere of democratic evangelism. Mr. Lyttelton, opening for the Tories, was so anxious to give the Germans a square deal that he received the embraces of that old-fashioned pacifist, Rhys Davies. Paget (Labour) seemed to be summing up a common attitude when he said: "My conception of democracy is liberty, liberty to disagree and liberty to be a Nazi." Bramall, in a good maiden speech, introduced a welcome note of realism. Zilliacus was the only speaker who even suggested that a Labour Government might have a Socialist policy in Germany, but his reputation as a "pro-Russian" prevents his argument from having its proper weight. "Rab" Butler wound up with his usual competence; and John Hynd, in his reply, made it uncomfortably clear that the Opposition's gibes about his limited authority are well founded. When *Hansard* reaches Moscow and Paris, some queer deductions will be drawn from the tone of this debate.

Home affairs have been mainly confined to late night consideration of Lords' amendments to various Bills. Monday's 2 a.m. rumpus about Civil Aviation caused the biggest back bench revolt of the Session. Thirty Socialists voted against the Government and some 50 ostentatiously abstained. This followed a brilliant denunciation by Frank Bowles and Leslie Hale of the luckless Ivor Thomas, who looked appealingly towards his boss, the cause of the trouble and sole occupant of the Peers' Gallery. "Nye" Bevan excelled his triumph of last Friday when he wound up Tuesday's debate on Housing. He literally reduced the Tories, including the nimble Crookshank, to admiring silence. Adams and Dumpleton, among others, made workmanlike speeches in support of the Government. But the outstanding back bench contributions came from Mackay and Diamond, who showed that two private builders at least find room for initiative under a Socialist housing programme.

PHINEAS

THE UNITED STATES IN CHINA

"MUSTANGS, Lightnings and Thunderbolts flew on many missions from Nanking airfields yesterday, and several times Mitchell bombers took off fully loaded and returned with empty bomb bays." In plain language, the Chinese people in areas of Communist troop concentrations are being blitzed by American planes; the civil war in China is no longer a local war between Kuomintang and Communist, and the term "non-intervention" applied to American policy is precisely as real as Nazi and Italian "non-intervention" was in Spain. Failure to recognise the implications of that earlier "non-intervention" was a prelude, as we now know, to the second World War. Now Madame Sun Yat-Sen has broken a two years' silence to warn the world that reactionaries in the United States and China are working to promote war between the United States and Russia over China's internal affairs.

The extent of the Chinese Government's dependence on the United States did not emerge until the sudden surrender of Japan. In the preceding months Lend-Lease assistance had rapidly increased; for the month of April, 1945, it was valued at 61 million dollars. The three main items, in approximately equal money value, were tanks and vehicles, aircraft and industrial products. Americans had commonly expected that, after the defeat of Japan, China would develop into the leading industrial nation of the East, offering employment for American technicians and an unlimited market for American material, transport and investment. This assumed a united China; but the end of the war showed deep fissures in her society. At that time the American Secretary of State for War stated that, in so far as his country was concerned, the military problem in China was confined to "the completion of the surrender, disarmament and evacuation of Japanese forces. The United States troops in China will not be used for the suppression of civil strife, but will protect American lives and property. There is no danger of our troops becoming involved in civil strife in China unless they are attacked, in which event we may expect the American troops to react with vigour and success."

The presence, however, of Japanese troops in North China, where for years they had been held by none but Communist armies, gave the pretext for landing American marines and supporting troops, whilst the American air force and navy were at once used as transports for the Kuomintang armies. At the same time Soviet troops were withdrawn from certain areas in such a way as to facilitate their occupation by Communist armies. The danger of a Soviet and American clash over China was soon obvious.

It was at this point that an agitation began in the United States demanding that all American as well as Russian forces should be withdrawn from China and Manchuria, and that China should be left alone to settle all her own internal problems, provided they did not endanger world peace, in which case the aid of the United Nations should be invoked. President Truman's reply was his statement of U.S. policy on December 15th urging the cessation of hostilities between Communist and Kuomintang armies, a national conference of representatives of both sides, and the end of one-party government. He added that United States' support would not extend to intervention designed to influence the course of any Chinese internal strife, and promised credits and loans, under reasonable conditions, for projects to aid China economically and foster American-Chinese trade relations.

Following this statement, General Marshall, President Truman's special envoy in China, was instrumental in arranging a truce. By the end of January prospects seemed brighter. A hopeful agreement was reached by the Political Consultative Council; it laid down principles for liberalising the regime and reorganising the armed forces under the control of a Coalition Government. In February there followed a further agreement which included a scheme for merging and demobilising the Kuomintang and Communist armies. But any hopes that this agreement would be carried out were dashed to the ground when the Central Executive of the Kuomintang met in Chungking in March. The Right-wing members used the occasion to attack everybody associated with these proposals and to whittle down their terms till they were meaningless. Civil war in Manchuria broke out more fiercely than ever. General Marshall, talking to the press in Nanking, accused both sides of conducting "reckless propaganda of hate and suspicion, which seriously aggravates the present grave situation and can lead to disastrous results for the peoples of China."

As a result of this statement both sides put forward a plea for peace. After the Communists withdrew from Changchun—allegedly after General Marshall had passed on a request from Chiang Kai-shek that this be done—a new effort was made to stop the war in Manchuria and a 15-day truce was concluded on June 7th—and subsequently extended to June 30th. But whilst the truce had some effect in Manchuria, fighting broke out in the port of Tsingtao through which the American Navy had moved most of the Kuomintang troops to North China. The presence there of 4,000 American marines created an explosive situation with the possibility of American forces becoming involved in a head-on clash with the Communists. A second and a new area of fighting developed round Chefoo and Weihaiwei, where American L.S.T.s and former Japanese cruisers opened a bombardment of the Communist forts, following a Central Government demand to the Communist negotiators that their troops should evacuate Shantung.

Such were the unpromising conditions for the renewed efforts of General Marshall to find a settlement. It must be added that various developments in America suggested that success for those efforts was not expected in some official quarters. Whilst General Marshall continued his sincere efforts to find a basis of agreement, and rejected suggestions made in China that the United States should help to unify the country by supporting only the Kuomintang and suppressing the Communists, the State Department announced an agreement between the American and Chinese Governments providing for the long-term payment (or possibly for further postponing payment) by China for "all Lend-Lease supplies which were in inventory or procurement in the U.S. prior to the Japanese surrender on September 2, 1945." That is to say, the Chinese Government was to keep for the war against the Communists all the vast supplies provided for the war against Japan. This was supplemented by a Military Assistance Bill, which Dean Acheson maintained was intended to help the amalgamation of Chinese Nationalist and Communist forces and so to create an efficient army to be available to the U.N. Security Council for preservation of peace in the Far East. A telegram from General Marshall suggested the reduction of Chinese forces to 50 Nationalist divisions and 10 Communist. These troops would be trained by a United States military advisory group of about 1,000 men.

This Bill envisages a China increasingly dependent on America. In any case, any far-reaching industrialisation in China itself is unlikely in present conditions. She will have to buy munitions from America, and, as one of the few American protests has put it, "under the Bill the President is made, in effect, Commander-in-Chief of the Chinese armies." Under its terms he is empowered, "upon application from the Republic of China, and whenever in his discretion the public interest renders such a course advisable, to detail officers and enlisted men of

the Army of the United States, and the United States Navy and Marine Corps to assist the Republic of China." It may be argued that America should have the right to call the tune for the Chinese piper. But since all American supplies go to Chiang Kai-shek's Government and since they are in fact being used against the Communists while negotiations are proceeding, General Marshall can scarcely be regarded as an impartial arbitrator, however personally sincere his efforts at mediation. And the Communists cannot be blamed if, judging by results, they accuse America of strengthening the Right-wing elements in the Kuomintang. The recent political murders of two leading members of the Democratic League reflect the terroristic methods which this section of the Kuomintang, who hate the Communists far more bitterly than they ever did the Japanese, will adopt towards those who advocate peace with the armies of Chou En Lai and Mao Tse-Tung. It should in fairness be added that the American Consulate in Kunming has now given sanctuary to 11 members of the Democratic League on receiving evidence that they might be assassinated.

Peace negotiations are now virtually at an end. A meeting arranged by an American Brigadier-General to enable Communist and Nationalist Commanders to discuss a truce for all Manchuria did not materialise, as the Communist failed to arrive. The Central Government has demanded the withdrawal of the Communists from Shantung and from those areas in Manchuria occupied since last January, when the original truce was signed. General Marshall has gone to Kuling with the new American Ambassador, Mr. Leighton Stuart, but Chou En Lai remains in Nanking. Renewed Communist attacks are reported near Tsingtao and clashes between the two armies are reported from an ever-increasing number of places. General Marshall is said to be making one more effort to bridge the chasm between the two parties. If he fails, he is likely to return to America. The one hope left of an agreement seems to be the need of a disintegrated China for financial help. As the price to be paid is China's complete dependence on America, groups of people in China and in the States are now coupling with their demand for the withdrawal of troops the demand that financial aid to China shall be postponed until a democratic Government has been formed in Nanking.

The prospects of democratic Government in China have dimmed in recent months. The most reactionary cliques inside the Kuomintang are convinced that they can gamble on America's continued support because they represent America's spearhead against the Soviet Union, while Soviet policy in Manchuria and the hard bargain she made in the secret clauses of the Yalta Agreement has strengthened anti-Communist feeling in China. On the other hand, the increase of political terrorism, the suppression of progressive newspapers and the recent letter of La Guardia to Chiang Kai-shek demanding the elimination of "personalities and politics" in the organisation of Chinese relief have exposed the corruption and gangsterism associated with the dominant section of the Kuomintang. In her recent statement Madame Sun Yat-Sen declared that "the people's nationalism meant neither the Kuomintang nor the Communists but one nation of one people," and that the time had come for the formation of a broadly based Coalition Government. To-day, as fighting spreads on four fronts, the progressive movement in China, through the Democratic League, together with groups of Chinese intellectuals and Shanghai business-men urges America to stop providing transport and supplies to the Kuomintang, but in America itself those who protest against intervention in China's civil war are not numerous or influential. A war-weary world so far has been slow to recognise the fact that failure now to help the progressive forces in China can lead to results more disastrous than those that followed a similar attitude towards Spain.

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP AND ELECTRICITY

PUBLICATION last week of letters exchanged between the Minister of Fuel and Power and the Incorporated Association of Electric Power Companies, shows that Mr. Shinwell will not have the co-operation, which he was reasonably entitled to expect, of the present managements of privately owned electricity companies in working out the details of the Government's plan, to which the electorate gave its endorsement last summer, for the nationalisation of the electricity industry. The Association has stated bluntly that it is opposed to public control of the industry; that it would compromise its position if it agreed even to take part in consultation as to the manner in which nationalisation is to be applied, and that it prefers to preserve its rights of criticism and objection when the Minister's scheme is disclosed. In these circumstances Mr. Shinwell has no option but to proceed with the formulation of his scheme without reference to these unco-operative vested interests. Fortunately, he has ample expert knowledge from which to draw in the municipally owned electricity undertakings. In view, however, of this declaration of war by the power companies, it is the more important that public opinion should be educated as to the fundamental issues on which the case for electricity nationalisation rests.

Since 1926, the Central Electricity Board has been responsible for the "wholesale" generation and bulk transmission of electricity in Britain. In political and economic principle the Central Electricity Board—which controls the "Grid" system—is roughly midway between company monopoly and public ownership. Although the Board is required to present an annual report to Parliament, there is no direct Parliamentary check upon its activities.

The British Grid system is not a complete system of electrical planning, even for the limited sphere in which it operates. The main difficulty is that the generating stations, unlike the transmission lines and sub-stations, are not owned by the Central Board; they are the property of the local supply authorities—company and municipal—but are operated under the general direction of the engineers of the Central Board. The savings brought about by Grid working can be split into two kinds—capital and operating. Before the days of the C.E.B. all undertakings had to look ahead and provide themselves for development which might or might not come to pass. Now with stations connected to each other over the whole of Great Britain, each generating station contributes quite a small reserve of plant to make up the "pooled" reserve capacity. The industry has now to carry a much smaller proportion of idle capital than formerly. Operating savings result from concentrating production in modern stations with high efficiency.

The benefits of Grid working have not always been passed on to the consumers. This is because of the unsatisfactory organisation of "retail" electricity distribution which is in the hands of nearly six hundred separate undertakings—municipal, company and joint authority. Many of the company undertakings are linked together financially; sometimes this linking coincides with an actual physical linking of contiguous areas; in other cases, the link is through the medium of a financial holding company, the areas controlled being widely scattered.

Well over half the electrical energy made in this country is distributed by publicly owned undertakings. The municipalities have been very successful in the electricity supply business but this type of public ownership does not fit in with present technical and administrative needs. There are far too many distribution authorities in the country and the technical advantages to be gained from reducing the number were set out in detail in the McGowan Committee Report of 1936. The industry needs the creation of larger and more effective units for distribution. The present lack of uniformity in systems of supply, voltages, tariffs, methods of charge, and facilities for purchase of apparatus is due primarily to the existence of a large number of separate undertakings.

After six years of war accompanied by a good deal of damage to installations from aerial attack, plant and equipment are generally in sound condition but are overloaded by the increased demand of the war period which is likely to continue. Because of the need to conserve materials and labour for the war effort, extensions have been neglected to an alarming degree. Since the industry is a modern one which expanded greatly in the inter-war years, the quality of plant is still good, but the quantity is insufficient. Bad and unsuitable coal has lowered the efficiency of many power stations. Really able and experienced engineers are in short supply. Voltage standardisation is a matter of considerable urgency. There is need to improve the thermal efficiency of generating stations by what are to Britain new methods such as city and district heating.

The reorganisation of electricity supply on a national scale is necessary in order to obtain increased technical efficiency and give improved service to the public. "Technical efficiency" does not imply merely maximum output of units for the minimum cost of coal, but also economical distribution from the generating station terminals to the consumers' intake, and full use by the consumer of the energy supplied.

The real issue is not so much between private and public ownership—public ownership is no new idea in electricity supply—but whether electricity is to be made available to all as a public service or whether supplies are to be restricted to those whom it is profitable to supply.

The essentials for successful reorganisation are:—

(*a*) The industry to be under public ownership and control throughout.

(*b*) Generation and transmission (i.e., the "wholesale" side) to be in the hands of one central authority.

(*c*) Distribution undertakings (i.e., the "retail" side) to be reduced in number by regional grouping.

The application of point (*a*) in the case of general supply companies and power companies means the transfer from private ownership to some new form of public authority. The most realistic basis for compensation to companies is payment for the fair value of the physical assets (i.e., capital cost less depreciation). In the case of local authority undertakings and joint boards, the application of point (*a*) means a transfer from one form of public ownership to another. This could be effected by taking over from the present owners the liability for payment of the outstanding debt of the undertakings.

Points (*b*) and (*c*)—transfer of all generating stations to a central authority and regional grouping for distribution—will be accepted by the majority of those with knowledge of the needs of the industry. The real difference of opinion is over the degree of national co-ordination to be imposed. There are two main lines of approach. One is to establish a National Electricity Board, on the lines of the National Coal Board, to take over the organisation of the Central Electricity Board and all other statutory undertakings, public and private. Its organisation would be then subdivided into "Generation" and "Distribution." The Generation department would be, in effect, the present Central Electricity Board under another name; the Distribution department could delegate many of its powers to Regional Boards—say, twenty or so to cover the whole country. The point of view of consumers and workers in the industry could be taken into account by the establishment of regional consultative committees.

A serious objection to this form of structure is that it might give such strict financial control at the centre that "day-to-day" autonomy in the

regions would exist on paper only, and the distribution of electricity is a service which does not lend itself easily to stereotyped administration; the mode of treatment appropriate to one area is not necessarily a guide to the treatment of the problems of another area. There is bound to be considerable variation in conditions between areas due to differences in type of terrain, density of population and industrial activity.

The other approach is to leave the Central Electricity Board in its present form and give it the ownership and control of all present and future generating stations. Then establish for distribution the twenty or so regions already mentioned, but leave each region with "full" autonomy, including the power to raise capital. In these circumstances, it is probable that the regions could be best administered by bodies directly representative of "interests" in the region—Local Authorities, workers and technicians, industrial consumers and so on. National co-ordination would be loose and could be effected either by the present Electricity Commission, given extra powers, or by some kind of new electricity planning body. This scheme is attractive from the political angle as it is more likely to appease the Local Authorities than a scheme which dismisses them from the electricity scene. But it might not fit easily into a wide plan for the effective utilisation of *all* the resources of the combined fuel industries—coal, electricity, gas—and it is vital to our national existence to-day that we should wring the last drop of energy from every reluctant ounce of coal. A. M. F. PALMER

A LONDON DIARY

MR. MORRISON, it seems to me, was putting it mildly when he said that the Government dissociated themselves from "the actual terms" of General Barker's anti-Semitic order. The provocation to the Army has been very great, but a General's duty is to resist, not encourage, such passions. Recently I have been receiving disturbing letters from Palestine accusing the British High Command of violent anti-Semitism, and of, to say the least of it, tolerating anti-Semitism among our troops. Without confirmation it was impossible to publish such letters, and I had been equally reluctant to refer to the flood of stories about swastikas painted on the walls of Jewish buildings and soldiers who shouted "Heil Hitler" as they broke into houses to make their arrests. I found such stories difficult to believe, though the evidence for them was very strong. I hear that Dr. Weizmann told an all-party meeting last Monday that he had seen such things with his own eyes, and that, when he had complained to high British officers, they had told him that it was ridiculous to raise such trivial incidents which, after all, were only a joke on the part of the soldiers. But now it seems clear that, at least as regards some of the senior officers, there is serious content to these allegations. General Barker's letter was given to the press by Jews, and was no doubt not meant for publication, but the fact that it was circulated indicates that some British officials were only too ready to use the horrible outrage at the King David Hotel as a pretext for doing what they had been longing for months to do. I cannot help feeling that the Colonial Secretary was far too ready to surrender to the men on the spot and to let his policy be dictated by them.

* * *

Just after reading General Barker's letter I went down to the House to hear the debate on the Control Commission in Germany. Throughout the whole war, and with even greater intensity since our occupation began, some of us have repeated, at the risk of wearying the public, all the old arguments against "the indictment of a whole people" and for a positive democratic attitude to the German problem. I have always predicted that violent Germanophobia would very soon after the war turn into an equally indiscriminate desire to rebuild Germany if our relations with Russia became bad. The debate on the Control Commission confirmed my fears. Just a year too late, Conservative after Conservative got up to express his conviction that we cannot hold a nation down for ever, that it is wicked and futile to starve the defeated enemy, that we must not condemn the Germans as a people, and that the only way to teach them democracy is to practise it. How easily men can switch from one phobia to another! I suspect that most of these Conservatives for the last week have been condemning the Jews of Palestine *as a community* and blaming them collectively because a small band of terrorists, driven desperate by the fate of six million Jews in Germany, blew up the King David Hotel. Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, for instance, protested against the detention without trial of Germans, and urged that you could not re-educate them by destroying *Habeas Corpus*. He made no protest against the detention without trial of thousands of Jews in Palestine and the imposition on that country of a military dictatorship far more ruthless than our Control Commission in Germany. This is a terrifying demonstration of the Marxist theory that moral emotions in politics are too often conditioned by entirely non-moral circumstances. Each Conservative speaker last Monday was perfectly sincere in his conviction that the Germans (who were all Belsen murderers, etc., a few months ago!) must be turned into good democrats by kindness, but does he not feel this now, partly at least because he is convinced that we must build up a bloc against Russia? Each Conservative who denounced terrorism in Palestine is equally sincere in his hatred of outrages. But is he not partly influenced by his feeling that Jewish claims on this country may embarrass our relations with the Arab States and so play into the hands of Russia?

* * *

I am in favour of an inquiry into the press, but it presents a number of unusual difficulties, both about the personnel of the Commission and about its terms of reference. If, in accordance with tradition, a judge has to be Chairman, it would not be easy to find one suitable. Sankeys do not grow on every tree. Obviously the Government would be shy of appointing to the Commission anyone directly connected with the press, and that means that it must find people who are not part of the newspaper world and yet have some understanding of it. Few such people exist. The Commissioners would have to grasp the business, psychological and political aspects of an institution which is in part a public service but mainly a colossal business enterprise. And, unless they were very smart indeed, they might spend the rest of their lives on the job. Nevertheless I hope that the Cabinet's decision after the Recess will be in favour of the inquiry.

* * *

How wide ought the terms of reference to be? The idea of a press inquiry came not from Ministers, stung by criticism, as Opposition spokesmen suggest, but from journalists who see the "freedom of the press" primarily from the point of view of men who want honestly to report what they think important, and who often only get the chance of reporting snippets of "human interest" under misleading headlines. The qualifications, status and the code of journalism which should be a profession and not a branch of commerce, would certainly be one important heading in an inquiry. Another might be the position of the Fleet Street editor; in the good days of A.G.G. and Spender he used to be an independent political figure, whereas now he is often less influential than the advertising and business managers, and even more subject to the proprietor's whim. A third related problem is the "tendency to monopoly" and "chain" ownership. Should newspapers be made into "responsible trusts," and is there any way of preventing tragedies such as the sudden shutting down of a newspaper like the old *Daily Chronicle*, which disappeared for no reason than that someone made money by its death? Again, there is the problem of the influence of advertising, which is much more complex and subtle than the people who ask you questions at public meetings are inclined to think. When you reach this point you realise that a general inquiry into the press is an inquiry into the whole capitalist system. This does not mean that inquiry is not a good thing, but only that it is a different kind of inquiry from that usually entrusted to a Royal Commission. There is no single evil with a presumption of legislative action to follow. The value of the inquiry would be rather like that of the great inquest into the arms industry by the United States Senate before the war. The public would learn a great deal, and suggestions for action on particular points might be made.

* * *

Man and boy, no one in our East Anglian village has ever seen such a storm, though Mr. Parks recalled one similar occasion of darkness at noon (but not so bad) when he was at school. The ground, they say, was white with hailstones the size of ha'pennies. "As if," said one mild-and-bitter, "someone was breaking up sheets of glass and throwing the bits at you." The water had poured off the road down into the houses; my own sodden carpets were drying in the garden all day on Sunday. The hail made holes in the cabbages as if caterpillars had had a field day. Yes, the damage to crops was bad; someone produced some specimen ears of wheat torn to shreds, with most of the grain threshed on to the ground. No one said anything about bread rationing, but in a few weeks' time there will be a new whispering campaign about Mr. Strachey's remarkable foresight. No doubt he arranged the sunspots, which I am told are the real explanation of this summer's tempests.

* * *

Overheard in the train, this remark by a soldier apparently just returned from B.A.O.R.:

The only two papers worth anything are the *New Statements* and the *Speculator*.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to P. Tidmarsh.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

At Westminster last night it was the general impression that while the Cabinet may not have reached their formal decision, the policy that the Government will pursue has reached an advanced, if only an embryo stage.—*Daily Mail.*

. . . the lost parcel of Joseph Hoy drawings and photographs has turned up, located in a railway lost property office . . . We do not preclude the possibility of prayer helping in the recovery, but note also that if the artist had not taken the trouble to inscribe his name and address inside that packet the authorities would have less easily returned it to the owner.—*The War Cry.*

Margate Council have been asked by Mr. H. Marsh to support a plan for a British Statue of Liberty.

Mr. Marsh wants a huge statue of Mr. Churchill, in the uniform of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, built on the cliffs of Dover, gazing out to sea. The end of his cigar would be lit day and night to be seen by all ships in the Channel.—*Evening Standard.*

As chairman of the Worcester Park Women's Conservative Association she was again championing the housewives' cause; but quick to realise that her newest venture might be dubbed political she readily dropped the Tory tag, renamed her live-wire organisation the Worcester Park Housewives' Association, and cheerfully carried on.—*Sutton News Echo.*

The Rev. Dr. Scott Lidgett argued that there should be discipline in such matters. He looked upon adultery as at least as serious as stealing £10 or committing a murderous attack.—*The Times.*

THE PRINTERS' CLAIMS

In view of the failure, so far, of all efforts to reach agreement on claims for revised working conditions put forward by the Printing and Kindred Trades Federation to the British Federation of Master Printers and the Newspaper Society (representing provincial newspapers in England and Wales), the trade unions affiliated to the P. and K.T.F. are now balloting their members to decide whether strike notices should be handed in. (Negotiations between the P. and K.T.F. and the "national" and Scottish daily newspapers for a revision of working conditions are simultaneously proceeding.) As a strike would affect the production of many publications, including this journal, it is fitting that our readers should be acquainted with the history of the negotiations and the case of both sides.

At a conference held on May 1st between the P. and K.T.F. and representatives of the B.F.M.P. and the Newspaper Society, application was made on behalf of all affiliated trade unions for a revision of the 1937 Hours and Holidays Agreement. That agreement had provided for a reduction of the working week from 48 to 45 hours and for one week's annual holiday with pay in addition to Bank Holidays. The claim now made was that the working week should be reduced to 40 hours, and that annual holidays with pay should be increased to a fortnight exclusive of Bank Holidays. In the case of newspapers, the claim was that there should be a reduction from eleven to ten in the number of day or night working shifts per fortnight. In the case of other printing establishments, the Federation asked that a five-day working week of eight hours daily should be universally adopted. In support of these claims, it was argued that the working of a short day on Saturdays is uneconomic, and that printers have a just claim to the increased leisure afforded by a five-day working week; that the reduction of the working week agreed to in 1937 did not lead to any appreciable addition in overtime charges, though the employers were quick to pass on to their customers the alleged increase of working costs; that in the newspaper section of the industry considerable unemployment already exists and is likely to be increased by the return of printers from the Forces; that the industry's output is at present restricted not by shortage of labour but by shortage (intensified by war damage) of plant; and that in the Wage Agreement concluded last January to operate until midsummer, 1947, it was specifically stated that during its period of operation claims for revision of hours might be put forward.

At a further conference held on May 28th the B.F.M.P. and the Newspaper Society informed the P. and K.T.F. that, in their view, acceptance of these demands would be "damaging not only to our industry but also to the nation." The arguments with which they supported their rejection of the employees' claims were that the industry's present labour force is approximately two-thirds of its pre-war strength; that coping with the current volume of work involves overtime in excess of the present 45-hour week "with a regularity that both sides would like to see reduced"; that an extra week's holiday, coupled with a further five-hour reduction in the working week, would represent a cut of nearly 300 working hours per worker per annum; that, if printing demands were to be satisfied, there could be no actual reduction in the hours worked (particularly in view of the slow intake of labour into the industry); and that the net result would simply be increased wage costs. This, they argued, would be undesirable in view of the fact that costs had greatly increased since the war, and that the printing industry had "a real and important contribution to make in exports."

The issue was then referred to the industry's Joint Industrial Council, which met on July 11th, and, after noting the "strongly opposed views . . . on the practicability of altering working conditions at the present time," recommended that the issue be referred to its Standing Committee on Employment and Production. At a meeting of that Committee on July 16th, the Workers' Panel offered, without prejudice to the original claim, to propose (if the Employers' Panel agreed) to the unions (a) that the fortnight's holiday should not operate until 1947; (b) that from October 1st, 1946, there should be a 42½-hour week based on five working days of eight and a half hours in jobbing and weekly newspaper offices, with ten shifts per fortnight (based on present shift-hours) in morning and evening newspaper offices; and (c) that negotiations be resumed in 1947 to consider a 40-hour week in jobbing and weekly newspaper offices.

The Employers' Panel indicated that they would be prepared to consider the introduction of a fortnight's paid holiday in 1947, but that they were unable to agree even to the compromise on hours which the Workers' Panel had offered. They argued that the first necessity was to discuss ways and means of ensuring the maintenance of the labour force in the industry; and they also raised a new proposal—that consideration should be given to the extended application in the industry of payment by results. This new proposal was regarded by the Workers' Panel as impracticable and undesirable; and, at a Conference of the Executives of unions affiliated to the P. and K.T.F. held two days later, a resolution was unanimously adopted recommending the unions to ballot their members on a proposal to tender strike notices to press the full claim. It was also agreed that an instruction should be given through the industry that, on and from August 12th, no overtime must be worked beyond 45 hours for day workers and 42½ hours for night workers, with consequential variations in newspaper offices. As we go to press, the two sides are meeting under the ægis of the Ministry of Labour.

ARE WE BREAKING FAITH?

You start to wonder after you have spent a number of months working in the British Zone of Germany. Then you start to doubt. And many of us who served in His Majesty's Forces ask even ourselves: "Are we breaking faith with those who died?"

One day I was advised by a Lieut.-Col. in charge of a Military Government detachment in Germany that twenty-four Displaced Persons, who had been residing in a modest home, were now to be ordered to an official D.P. Assembly Centre. The home was to be given back to its original German owner. And the twenty-four anti-Nazi D.P.s, many of whom were concentration camp victims, were being sent to something very much worse than the poorhouse. For D.P. Assembly Centres are unhappy places like Belsen. If, therefore, you have any feeling for D.P.s, most of whom are our bravest and longest-suffering allies, you will at least make enquiries about such an order. On making such enquiries I found that the original owner of the house, for whose comfort the D.P.s were being turned out, was a Nazi official, an S.S. man, if you please, and of long standing. This S.S. man of even pre-war vintage had forgotten some of his papers. On finding them, I immediately submitted the papers, which were evidence of his S.S. membership, to the Lieut.-Col. He read them, but to my consternation advised me that since the S.S. man held but a low rank in that most bloodthirsty of Nazi organisations, his home was to be returned to him, notwithstanding his anti-British, anti-human associations. The D.P.s must go. The low-ranked S.S. man may move in.

The de-Nazification programme may be very intense in certain of its activities such as policing. On the whole, however, it seems to many of us to be conspicuous by its absence. The tracking down and punishment of war criminals is one thing. The de-Nazification of a whole culture is another. To achieve the subservience of Germans is not to change their minds. Mr. Churchill once said that a German is either at your throat or at your feet. To-day we have brought the Nazi to our feet. He is, nevertheless, still a Nazi, secretly hoping to be at our throat tomorrow. Nazi arrogance and German servility are only opposite manifestations of the same sadistic psychology. And those British officers who think that they have done a job because they are hunting criminals or keeping the masses in line have missed the historic purpose of occupation. One reason is that they simply do not understand the first thing about the German problem. In the Air Force, a pilot had to devote himself to a year's intensive study before he was considered fit to do the job of destruction. For the task of reconstruction, for the job of building the peace, for securing Europe against a third world war and a resurgent Nazism we are giving the most superficial training—if indeed any training at all.

A number of months ago, for instance, I visited many of the schools in Oldenburg with the Chief School Inspector, a German. It was a depressing experience. For the Inspector spent the largest part of his time apologising to me for his teachers, because they had mostly been members of the National Socialist Party. They were, he said, forced to join. That may be so. But the point is, what were they doing now to undo the damage of Nazism? Were they making provision to teach the children that race theories and militarism and dictatorial government were the invention of the devil? Were they constructing a moral foundation in the souls of their young charges?

Not at all. They apologised for their National Socialist connection only to me—not to the class. The curriculum was what might be called a neutral one. Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics, technical subjects and the like were all in the limelight as though this were 1931 or 1932. Nothing was offered in the school programme to dispel the prejudices acquired before and during Hitler or to eradicate the Nazi influence the children were still acquiring from their families.

And one old Social-Democratic teacher, who had been put out of commission during Hitler's time, but is back to work again, exposed our educational programme bitterly to one of my colleagues. He said the children are about 90 per cent. Nazis and that our neutral curriculum is encouraging rather than discouraging them to harbour and cherish their evil beliefs. For it shows that we ourselves have no faith in Democracy. It is therefore not enough to cover the wound by starting schools. We must first drain out the poison. There is very little evidence of poison-draining in the schools of Oldenburg. And if you talk to German children as I have done in Hamburg, Braunschweig, Celle and scores of other places, you will be struck by the fact that their minds are ill and that very little cure is being offered them in the schools.

What are the results of our ill-trained occupation force? It is no secret that since large numbers of soldiers have little sense of purpose and significance in Germany, they are setting a foul example. Liquor is cheap and plentiful. And it is as though the appetite for drink "has grown by what it fed on." Drunkenness and rowdiness amongst officers and men, both, is too general for its complacent acceptance as though it were a "necessary evil of any occupation force." The embarrassment I felt when a German told me one day that the British in his town have a reputation of being a nation of drunkards, was too much to bear. A century ago, according to Napoleon, they were a nation of shopkeepers. Have the mighty fallen?

Then there is the black market. I have no figures or statistics to prove that it is high amongst our men. Neither have the Germans who justify their own illegal activities by pointing out that the Tommies they know do the same thing. I was in a military court in Soltau one morning, where every case tried, except one, was for black marketeering. To my shame and disappointment the sergeant told me that all the goods exhibited on the court table were from military stores.

This experience would be of little significance

if it were out of the ordinary. It could be excused if it were an exception. The sad truth, however, is that black marketeering is not only a general vice amongst the men, but it is actually regarded by many as a virtue. In messes, in clubs and on the roads, officers and men will boast of their shrewd operations in illegal traffic, they will show you their prizes of cameras, binoculars and other goods, they will even compare their gains and pride themselves on "outsmarting Jerries," and evading the law. Lack of conscience has made bad examples, not of us all, but of too many.

I believe the problem is one of attitude. If soldiers come to a conquered land with a sense of futility and frustration, they will be corrupted, no matter what their nationality. If, however, they are sent with training, with a high sense of purpose and devotion to the cause of re-education, they will not be completely devoid of corruption, but they will be less susceptible to bad influences and more interested in their responsibilities.

The Frauleins, it is often said, are carrying on where Hitler left off. There is strong evidence to support this case. Some of us were astounded to find that German Frauleins are invited as guests to the officers' rest hotel run by the Army at Bad Harzburg. The invited Frauleins are "vetted" to see if they have been Nazis. And if it is found that they have not been officially Nazis, even though all their associations may have been Nazi, then they are passed. Then they may smoke untold numbers of British cigarettes and drink a legion bottles of champagne and dance gaily with our officers at Bad Harzburg. They are experiencing much better treatment from the military than I have ever seen the other ranks of the Wrens or Waafs or A.T.S. enjoy, either during or after the war. Officers, by social contacts with German girls (vetted or not) encourage the men to do likewise with the non-vetted Frauleins. Thus Goebbels' propaganda dances merrily along.

What are we doing in Germany anyway? What is the purpose of our long sojourn in a strange land? Is it not to root out the evil of Nazism and to try to replace it with peace, decency and good will? Is it not to establish a set of conditions and attitudes in Germany that will secure our children against a revived militarism? If that be our purpose, we are failing in its achievement. We are not befriending our allies like the D.P.s. We are not rallying a significant democratic nucleus in Germany. We are breaking faith, many believe, with those who died and we are endangering the lives of our children.

CANADIAN OFFICER

DANISH SUMMER

In the July sunlight, Denmark looks refreshingly normal. The countryside seems busy and prosperous, the towns cheerful and unscarred. Though Danes complain of the housing shortage, you see more obvious signs of building than in Britain. Almost the only queues are for seats on the overcrowded trains. If clothing is rationed, expensive and poor in quality, at least the shop windows are full and the streets gay with summer dresses. Apart from butter, bread and sugar, essential foods are off the ration, fresh fruit is plentiful, and flowers are cheap. Yet this normality isn't a lavish comfort, however alluring it first appears to the visitor. Incomes don't really meet the price level. The working-class family doesn't find things too easy: workers will tell you that they expect to lose part of the recent wage increases as soon as prices show any sign of dropping. But, for the present, there is plenty of work and, as in Britain, some trades are seriously short of skilled labour. Industry, which needs coal desperately, has yet managed to get back to its pre-war level, though it lacks the technical advances made in countries that built up a war economy. The unions are talking about industrial democracy in a mild way and, rather more forcibly, of a reduction in the working week. The Government is just introducing a capital levy against inflation, amounting to some forty million pounds, apart from compulsory loans, but this by no means skims up the surplus money left over from the prodigal spending of the Nazis at the expense of the Danish Treasury. Normality has been an obvious goal for the Danes: the occupation strained, but it did not destroy the structure of their society. The country, like most of its people, is still trying to wear its pre-war suit in spite of the threadbare patches.

* * *

Last year's elections showed this very clearly. Politics are swinging back into very much the old grooves. The Social-Democrats lost a number of seats to the Communists and, though still the largest party, retired to prepare for the next elections, leaving the Right-wing agrarian party to form a minority Government which, though mildly unpopular, seems fairly effective. The Resistance, though brilliantly organised, lacked the political coherence it had elsewhere, and the old groups had little difficulty in reasserting themselves. The reason, of course, is that all the parties, except the Communists, had limited but legal freedom under the occupation authorities until August 1943, and were able to maintain their political machines. This also explains the cautious and narrow purge. The small fry of the Danish Nazis have been imprisoned, a few of the more odious terrorists executed, but the issue of collaboration is so confused that the handful of pro-Nazi profiteers can face legal proceedings without much real embarrassment.

* * *

The Danes are far more concerned about the two hundred thousand German civilian refugees who flooded into the country in the weeks before the end of the war. The Nazi troops marched away to captivity, but these people, mainly women and children, remain to be housed and fed by the Danes who, not without reason, are anxious for them to go home. They are costing the Danes a sum equal to half the pre-war Budget —about three per cent. of the national income. Huts have had to be bought from Sweden, camps organised, food and health services provided. As one official put it: "It's as if we suddenly developed another generation of totally incapable old-age pensioners." The Danes see no reason why they should continue to support the drain of these unwelcome guests indefinitely, but while they have the responsibility they are facing up to it well. They have done their best to sort out the ardent Nazis—including one S.S. man who was found with a box of grenades in his luggage—and they have set up a special camp with additional privileges for those who can show that they had a spell in a concentration camp for political offences. The camps, which are strung out across the country, naturally vary in quality. Of course, if I had the choice, I should prefer to be interned in the small camp that I saw among the lakes and pinewoods of Jutland than in the great barracks of huts on a disused airfield just outside Copenhagen that houses more than seventeen thousand people. Other camps that I wasn't able to visit have more than thirty thousand inhabitants. All of them, however, have pretty good health services and schools—run by qualified Germans who came with the refugees or were held back from the troops when they went away—and if life is grey and confined by wire it is at least not lacking in necessities.

* * *

Calories are difficult statistics to visualise. These refugees get 2,300 a day—sufficient for an inactive life. But their litre of soup, their carefully measured amounts of butter, bread, cheese and sausage, suddenly drive home the sickening hopelessness of existence for millions of Germans and Austrians who slowly starve on a thousand calories. In this respect too, the refugees are better off than they would be if they went home. They have their chapels, their classes, their cinema, their theatre—the actors were preparing a new play by Friedrich Wolf when I saw them—and a charming puppet show. Discussion classes are organised on political issues and a special paper is issued in German for the camps. But neither the old people—who lie listlessly on their beds—nor the children, brown and vigorous, who come crowding round at the sound of a strange tongue, have any future here. The Russians have agreed to take fifty per cent. of them at once, for most of them come from East Prussia and Pomerania. But the British will not even accept those who have homes and families to take them. What is to become of them? The Danes would be willing to make up an equivalent amount of food to whichever Zone would receive them. But the present burden is too much for this small country to bear without any Allied interest, let alone help.

* * *

Denmark's second German problem is South Slesvig. Here the Danish minority, which always retained its identity, claims that it is being swamped by the mass of refugees from Eastern Germany, who show every sign of trying to settle there permanently. "We've always regarded the South Slesvig Danes as a national breakwater against German cultural and national expansion" said a Danish doctor, "and while we have been prepared to accept the present frontier as democratically decided, we can't be indifferent to what is happening to our relations just across on the other side." This is a pretty typical view. A good many people are more concerned about securing the rights and status of the Danish minority than about juggling with the frontier. They are glad that Danish teachers and pastors are allowed to go down and help the minority to strengthen its cultural machinery in face of the pressure from the immigrants, but they are irritated when the British seem to put unnecessary brakes on the expression of Danish minority opinion. "Why," they ask, "can't our families write to us in Danish? Why is the minority prevented from putting up its own candidates at elections? Why is South Slesvig forced into an administrative union with Holstein, which is purely German?" Few people, I should say, are unwilling to postpone any territorial changes until things have settled down—say in ten or fifteen years—because they don't want an opportunist vote for fusion with Denmark; but in the meantime they feel that their minority should at least have the same rights as the German communities north of the frontier. Christmas Møller, the popular last Foreign Minister, has fallen out with his Conservative party on this issue for his post-liberation statement that Denmark was satisfied with the *status quo*, and sides with the Communists and Social-Democrats in playing the question down. The Government, one suspects, isn't sorry to have a problem on which it can appeal to national sentiment.

* * *

Though industry, surprisingly, has a larger pay-roll than agriculture in Denmark, the country's foreign trade depends on its exports of foodstuffs. Butter rationing, for instance, is maintained to keep a surplus for foreign shipments. The Danes don't deny that production is by no means at its maximum, but they say that the shortage of oil-cakes, the wartime reduction of stock and the drift of labour into the towns are their major physical problems. But the farmers aren't satisfied with the prices that Britain, still the chief market, is willing to pay. Fresh, negotiations, since concluded, were going on while I was in Copenhagen. The other Scandinavian countries, and now, under the new and widely welcomed trade agreement, Russia, all pay prices considerably above Britain; the Danes don't like the idea of subsidising their own producers to cheapen export prices to this country. Of course, there is plenty of food in Denmark and housekeeping is a more simple and pleasant matter than it is here. But there is none of the callous gluttony in a starving world that envious rumour pictures. The Danes will continually tell you that if they can get better prices, they would be a much better market for British industry, especially now they can no longer buy from Germany.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

TWO PLAYS

"Mariage à la Mode," at the St. James's Theatre
"Pick-up Girl," at the Prince of Wales

If Spenser is the poet's poet, Dryden is the poet of the dramatic historian and Lit. specialist. Interest in the merits of his plays pales to nothing before the interest of the problems of writing and stagecraft involved. Did Dryden, like Mr. Noel Coward, lead the theatrical taste of the time; or was he, also like Mr. Noel Coward, so quick in the fashionable uptake, that he only seemed to do so? In this twofold play, dodging backwards and forwards between impossibly faithful Sicilian lovers and fantastically faithless Restoration flirts, are we not present at the very birth of that tough child, the comedy of manners, seen here to issue forth so surprisingly from the romantic loins of Beaumont and Fletcher? And why, since Dryden was a great writer, is he beaten so thoroughly by Behn, Wycherley and later Congreve, in his own age, and at his own respective theatrical games of intrigue, fashion and wit? And why did Dryden, who had the imagination and foresight to write in his time as he did of Shakespeare, and create for Chaucer such a phrase as "here is God's plenty"—why did he fill his plays with the poverty of such godlessness?

Such a play as *Mariage à la Mode* is a severe test for the producer and the actor. The result justifies the enterprise of Mr. Clements. He himself, with Mr. Eddison and Miss Rowe, slides very gracefully into the Restoration manner. Miss Kay Hammond's personality is much too exuberant to be confined within this kind of machinery. In such a setting her rebelliousness seems like eccentricity, but she makes delightful rubbish of such lines as "My father, for whom I have a BLIND obedience," which she speaks with wildly inappropriate emphasis, and delightful humour. Mr. Laurence Irving's settings are melancholy and restrained, with a pleasantly commemorative reference to Rex Whistler.

Illicit love is also the subject of *Pick-Up Girl*, at the Prince of Wales. The treatment is somewhat different. The theme is child delinquency, infant V.D., and other social grimnesses, but it is not played with the kind of "sensational realism" which a keen-as-mustard display department tries to suggest on the outside of the theatre. I am glad that an otherwise intelligent management has transported the entire New Lindsey cast to the West End, because it could scarcely be better. Small parts such as Miss van der Burgh's stenographer, and the arduous, difficult study of the mother, by Miss Joan Miller, are played with equal intelligence. Mr. Ernest Jay's magistrate, with its mixture of professional *ennui* and human concern, is beautifully underplayed.

STEPHEN POTTER

THE MOVIES

"Three Wise Fools," at the Empire

While something like a cloudburst was making rivers and lagoons of the street outside, we sat dry-eyed before the antics of *Three Wise Fools*. I say, "we" because on this occasion I believe the whole audience shared my feeling. They never even blinked over the child crying for her fairies; nor, when we were supposed to laugh, did they respond with more than a thinly spread titter. They just sat. There weren't, I suppose, more than a dozen children in the house.

What we saw was a long-eared old leprechaun (with the voice, alas, of Harry Davenport) living in an oak and surrounded by little leprechauns who found it hard to believe in the people up at the house. And up at the house there are three old skinflints (Barrymore, Lewis Stone, Edward Arnold) who don't believe in fairies, one little Irish girl (Margaret O'Brien) who does, and one tricksy manservant, also Irish, (Thomas Mitchell), who, with the whisky in him will see fairies or anything else. The three old men are trying to diddle the child out of her property, and to do that they must get rid of the fairies; so they engage a troupe of strolling midgets to play the exit from the oak. The midgets land up in court, the little girl in tears; and now the three old swindlers—damn them—begin to repent. For the rest of the story everyone has to believe in fairies so that they'll come back to the weeping little girl. Mr. Barrymore, in his usual bath-chair and with his accustomed stage snarl, chains himself to the oak where he is joined by one of his fellow repentants. "Why, look at that funny little fellow up in the branches!" exclaims one, pointing. "I prefer," says the other, "that pink one over there." Or words to that effect. Well, it has been a hard fight, but at last it's over and the fairies win; though not till the Catholic Church (in the form of two nuns) has stepped in, with its well-known partiality for a dripping film.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT.

RADIO NOTES

In art, as in life, it is better to succeed in the second best than to fail in the best. Benjamin Robert Haydon and Lord Eldon are less respectworthy than Cotman and Sir Samuel Romilly. *Hassan*, it is easy to see, aims high; but now that some twenty-five years have passed since its first production, the poetic prose seems very questionable, the picturesque sentiment something less than sincere. It was not the least of the merits of Val Gielgud's radio production that none of these things were underlined, and some (but not all) of the acting was so good that at moments we forgot how phoney the diction is. In the first half of the performance the excellence of the technics, the admirably restrained characterisation of Francis Sullivan, and the scrumptious exoticism of the music (extremely well managed, except in the choral passages, where it was kept too far back), carried us along under their own steam. But it needed a greater poet than Flecker to reconcile us to the gloating sadism of the penultimate scenes, which are almost intolerable as they stand. The prison scene is, of course, central to the play, and here I thought Barry Morse and Margaret Leighton, adequate as they were at other times, entirely failed to rise to the occasion: they avoided being embarrassing, but that was all. Still, as in the case of *Doctor Faustus*, this production represents a certain achievement for "invisible" radio.

I thought the B.B.C. dealt very inadequately with Bernard Shaw's ninetieth birthday: not only was the recording of his speech bad but Denis Johnston's tribute seemed to me, for so expert a broadcaster, lame and facetious. On the other hand, I am told that the European Service carried an excellent feature, containing a passage from *Don Juan in Hell*, spoken by Esmé Percy, of which the Home Service listener was of course deeply unaware. It is a pity that lack of contact between the two services should result in wastage of this sort.

The first Prom revealed to us what must surely be one of the greatest triumphs of symphonic ineptitude within living memory. Some of the new music lately heard at the I.S.C.M. festival was not very distinguished, but it is fairly certain that if Shostakovitch's *Ninth Symphony* had been among the works sent in, as by an unknown composer, it would not have stood a chance of acceptance. The aim of these five abrupt, perky little pieces is presumably a jolly simplicity; but in point of melodic interest, harmonic accessibility, and rhythmic charm, they fall a long way below the most ordinary band-stand music of the last century. With about as much attraction of form and content as a public waste-paper basket, this abject work is a perfect example of the terrible retribution that awaits artists who abdicate their sovereignty in order meekly to toe a party line or curry favour with the Social Realist Gestapo. I was sorry to notice that this "symphony" was received with the wildest applause by a musical public, on the vast extension of which this country has recently been congratulating itself.

It is a relief to turn from this skittish inanity to the recital of South American songs broadcast by Frederick Fuller on July 27th. Strikingly pretty, touching and humorous, these were sung with an appreciation of style and language most unusual among British singers. Encore!

Harold Nicolson's retirement from the board of the B.B.C. restores to him the freedom of the air. Judging by the first of the commentaries he will broadcast from Paris, during the Peace Conference, these should be fair-minded, comprehensive and entertaining.

RECOMMENDATIONS: *Sunday, August 4th.* Concert (3 p.m.); David Garrick (7 p.m.); The English Garden (9.30 p.m.); Recital (Clifford Curzon, 10 p.m.).

Tuesday. Background to Beveridge (Barbara Wootton, L.P., 10 a.m.); France Today (L.P., 3 p.m.); Atom Bomb (6.20 p.m.).

Wednesday. The Wigwam Girl Murder (L.P., 10.40 a.m.); Portrait of an Age (G. M. Young, L.P., 3 p.m.); Book Talk (Geoffrey Grigson, 6.20 p.m.).

Friday. Poetry Promenade (Stephen Spender, 10.45 p.m.).

Saturday. The Indian Boy (7.45 p.m.); A Hundred Years Old (9.20 p.m.).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

A BALT FROM THE BLUE

The Soviet Delegation has caused a stir by including the Foreign Ministers of Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia.—Conference News Item. Paris, July 29.

As the Powers engage on the gay Paris stage
In a game where each plays for his own,
Diplomatic surprise is expressed at the size
Of the squad from the Soviet Zone.
They have settled the seating for the Paris peace meeting
And the Big Three have led in their flocks,
And the outcome is dreaded if peace is beheaded
On ideological blocs.

In the balance of power at this critical hour
No section completely prevails,
Though the Soviet veto, with Poland and Tito
Already has weighed down the scales.
If a triple addition applies for admission
The set-up will all be upset,
For the peace-loving nations sent no invitations
To either Estonian or Lett.

While fully admitting the danger of splitting
The Balkans in watertight halves,
Great Britain's protection shields the Hellenic section,
And the Soviet stands up for the Slavs.
Democracy's giants all seal off their clients
From ideologic assaults,
But somehow the Russian and British discussion
Has never got round to the Balts.

Both sides are emphatic on rights democratic
Both have Baltic interests at heart,
But a Paris endorsement for the Red reinforcement
Might lead to their claim to take part.
Lithuanian intrusion has caused some confusion
As the peace path they sternly pursue,
And Russia's intention breeds slight apprehension
As she brings down the Balt from the blue.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

BREAD RATIONING

SIR,—"Critic" has written us a very human, if slightly highbrow, note on the mechanics of the bread rationing scheme, which sounds a little—as do the pronouncements of some of our rulers—as if he had never seen his ration book (at any rate not page 39) or bought a loaf of bread.

Would it not be simpler to admit that, by and large, the chief snag is that the main unit of exchange is a tiny square of paper, the size of a small finger-nail, which is worth 6 BU's, and therefore cannot be exchanged for any loaf of bread, the large one being worth 4 and the small one 2? This inevitably leads to discussion, recrimination and queue-forming delay at the bread-counter; unless one is on such terms with the kind old lady assistant—as one should, of course, be after months of co-operative effort in obtaining change for 6d. on a 2½d. loaf—that she says "You have what you like, dear; just tell me when it finishes you for the week"—a rough-and-ready method, depending mainly on the customer's social conscience.

(The dear old lady, a war-time employee, who

continued to work as a result of the Prime Minister's appeal to married women, has now thrown in her hand. I don't think she was influenced by the millionaire press, and emphatically she cannot be accused of being that lowest form of humanity, "the middle-class woman," if the learned Attorney General will admit that this is a human being at all. The old lady is just completely fed-up—"and that's flat, Mr. Strachey," says she, unconsciously quoting his famous sally.)

Another way of proceeding is that of the North Battersea housewife, who said that she gets more bread under rationing than she did before—an excellent illustration that rationing makes for "fair shares"; but one wonders whether, at this particular moment, it was meant to work that way.

Actually, the scheme has got on its feet during this first week, because bakers and shoppers have done the work that (it might have been hoped) a benevolent administration might have done. In some places bakers have printed and given their customers very simple record cards; elsewhere shoppers have queued at the Food Office and exchanged the silly little "G's" for strips of "L's" (1 BU), thus earning universal popularity.

It is "we," the general public, who have made it work, not "they" who, protected in the fastnesses of the House of Commons' refreshment-places from the rude blasts of everyday life, have rather foolishly denounced each weary, but loyal, sigh, as Tory propaganda.

There has altogether been, in some quarters in the Palace of Westminster, a bit too much hoity-toity "we-ing" and "they-ing" over this bread rationing business, for the liking of those of us who maintain firmly that the essence of democracy is that there are no "we" and "they."

LEAH L'ESTRANGE MALONE

The County Hall, S.E.1.

RUSSIAN ANXIETY

SIR,—Medical psychology possesses a piece of knowledge which, if truly assimilated, may have a useful bearing on the lowering world problems of to-day. It is that when apprehension concerning an external situation is disproportionate to the probable danger of that situation the excess always proceeds from internal sources, i.e., dread of impulses inside oneself—usually unavowed ones. In our experience this finding is invariable, so that we have only to ascertain whether the apprehension displayed is or is not disproportionate to the occasion. Here the laity is surprisingly indulgent, and more often than not agrees to accept its alleged source at face value. We say it is "only natural" for a woman to flee from a mouse or spider or for anyone to shrink back from the edge of a cliff. Frequency of a phenomenon, however, does not make it "normal" in a psychological sense. The truth is we all have our personal reasons for this inordinate tolerance.

The U.S.S.R. (i.e., their rulers) apparently apprehend the existence of danger in the outer world. They observe that many people in the Western world disapprove of both their internal and external political actions, and furthermore distrust their intentions. This would in itself justify a degree of concern, and possibly some heart-searching. But there is a wide gap between knowing oneself to be disliked and believing that one's life is in danger. The frequent references in leading articles to Russia's "natural anxiety" must, therefore, be said to raise a very debatable point. I venture the opinion that no one in the Western world except perhaps a Communist considers that either America or Britain is likely to *attack* the U.S.S.R.: geographical, military, political, economic and above all moral considerations render such a contingency extremely remote. Yet all the evidence, from the long series of unfriendly or even outrageous acts during the last six months or more, points to the conclusion that the U.S.S.R. (again, their rulers) feel this contingency to be very probable. If we, who ought to know something about the likelihood of our intentions, are convinced they are mistaken, then we are bound to conclude that the greater part of their apprehension arises from internal sources—to put it plainly, from unavowed or half-avowed aggressive tendencies of their own which they "project" on to the Western world. This is a conclusion to be taken very seriously into account by those responsible for coping with the situation.

All this does not, of course, mean that the U.S.S.R. desire war, or intend to bring it about. In all probability they would be well content with what has recently been termed the "fruits of war," with obtaining, free of opposition, all they may want. But it is a dangerous game to postulate the absence of all opposition, or to defy it. It is what the Germans did. Apart from a few irresponsibles who longed for the excitement of war, most Germans, including the Nazis, would have been quite content to absorb peacefully first Poland, then the Ukraine, then the rest of Europe and Russia, and finally the U.S.A. And the previous World War was initiated by Germany first provoking, by her half-avowed "expansionist" behaviour, defensive alliances in her vicinity—alliances she imputed to "war-mongers"—and then stirring her people to panic at the supposed danger of encircling foes. Wars usually come about, not from a direct desire for war as such, but from playing with fire, from hoping to gratify one's aggressive tendencies without having to face the consequences.

One further point, the main one. It is of the very nature of aggression derived from internal sources (with the dependent anxiety) not to be influenced, i.e., appeased, by either concessions or successes in the outer world. Its intrinsic insatiability forbids this: *vide* Hitler. Only definite opposition can break in on the world of fantasy and restore that of reality. Whether it be more advantageous to make this inevitable stand at a time when war-weary people might prefer sanity to bellicosity or to wait till the nations are refreshed and re-equipped is a question for statesmen to decide.

ERNEST JONES

B.A.O.R. WIVES

SIR,—I thought your "London Diary" comment about B.A.O.R. wives—their accommodation and feeding—pretty fierce. Till, that is, I read the recent *Daily Express* article about the gorgeous time an ex-A.T.S. girl is having in Frankfurt-on-Main as the wife of an American Army N.C.O.

There is, however, surprising as it may seem to your commentator, another side of the case.

In the first place, none of us has succeeded in getting his wife and family out to Germany yet. We are a long way behind the other Allies in this respect. Also, in many instances, our periods of separation have been much longer. Even when they do arrive, I doubt if they, or we husbands, are going to find life in Germany the sort of *dolce far niente* affair painted by you and the *Daily Express*.

Army rations are not remarkable for their variety, and one can buy no additions whatever, not even green vegetables. Also, in respect of entertainments, a small English country town would compare favourably with all save a very few B.A.O.R. stations. But the alternative, from husbands' and families' standpoint, is seeing each other for about five weeks in all, in each fifty-two, and this after seven years of war's stresses and separations. I wonder, after weighing all the pros and cons, not forgetting increased "doubling-up" by already overcrowded Germans (but also recollecting the effect of V.1 and V.2 on our own housing situation!) what would be your own choice?

JOHN STEVENSON

Kemps House,
Balcombe, Sussex.

MORALS AND POLITICS

SIR,—It seems to me that Mr. Koestler does an enormous amount to confuse the issue on this question of Ends and Means.

READY NOW

THE SCARLET TREE

The Second Volume of

the Autobiography of

Osbert Sitwell

This volume carries on the remarkable story, begun in *Left Hand, Right Hand!* from the author's eighth to his eighteenth year. 15s.

★

Our new Announcement List is now ready and we shall be happy to send a copy on request

MACMILLAN & CO. LTD
ST. MARTINS ST., LONDON, W.C.2

The Voyage of the Evelyn Hope

BY GIBSON COWAN

"A delightfully written account of two amateur sailors who set out on a peaceful Mediterranean holiday and found themselves in the middle of a war."—*Sunday Chronicle*

8/6 net

Little Jo

BY ROBERT BRIGHT

"A delicately told tale of the dark-coloured part of America . . . Handled with great skill in a closely-knit story."—*The Star*

"New country indeed . . . strangely profound."—*Daily Herald*

7/6 net

CRESSET PRESS

Ambassador on Special Mission

Viscount Templewood
(Sir Samuel Hoare)

The man who kept Spain out of the war tells the full story of the four-and-a-half years' diplomatic struggle in **the first of the major books of war memoirs.**

16s.

COLLINS

AUGUST REPRINTS
WILL INCLUDE

Curious Relations

WILLIAM D'ARFEY

edited by

WILLIAM PLOMER

A hilarious book, at once rare and genial . . . only England, with her underground flow of genius, could have put out this exotic flower; and England will not put out just such a flower twice.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

8s. 6d.

JONATHAN CAPE

In the first place his practice is different from his precept. Logically he should be an absolute pacifist. I believe (*a*) that it was desirable that Nazism should be defeated, (*b*) that it is an intrinsically evil thing to kill one's fellows, but to me (*a*) justified (*b*). Not so, in theory, to Mr. Koestler; and yet he agreed with me in practice. I should be sincerely grateful for an explanation, from him or anyone else, of this point. It may be that he will discriminate between defensive and aggressive acts, but I cannot see that this affects in the slightest degree the intrinsic evil of the act. It does, however, mean that the real point at issue is something else; has one the courage to use evil means in a positive, preventive, constructive way, or only when they are more or less forced on one? Has one the courage to be logical?

In the second place, it is Mr. Koestler's habit to obscure the real issue with numerous red herrings and fallacies. There are four points to be considered: (1) Is the end desirable? (2) Is the means likely to promote the end? (3) Is the means intrinsically evil? (4) If so, is it justified? These points are all relevant to the discussion. There then remains the separate and irrelevant question of whether the means is administered as humanely as possible. Yet this is the point on which Mr. Koestler concentrates. In the particular instance which gave rise to his letter he pays no attention at all to the questions of whether the defeat of Nazism was or was not promoted by the deportation of a probable Polish fifth column, and whether such a deportation is intrinsically evil, but harps exclusively on the brutality of the method of deportation, a point which it is difficult for us in England, uninformed, uninvaded, and with vastly different wartime living conditions, to judge.

We then come to the question of whether the belief that a good end justifies evil but effective means leads, as Mr. Koestler suggests, to the conclusion that good intentions are all that matter. Here he misrepresents Professor Field; "were convinced that the end . . . was good" does not mean the same as "if good comes of it." My belief rests on my faith in man's moral capacity to choose good ends (there is fairly general agreement about these) and in his mental capacity to choose effective means (not so much agreement here, but on the whole he has managed to pull it off when it came to the point). If either of these is lacking the question of justification does not arise.

Finally, and I ask again for information, does Mr. Koestler hold that the employment of good means absolves the individual from responsibility for the possibly undesirable effect of his actions? Which did humanity the greater service in the 'Thirties, the Spanish republican, waiting virtuously for Franco to hit him first, or the Russian, hitting his traitors on the head in good time, even if he did hit a few loyal citizens as well?

B. H.

SOCIALIST STUDENTS

SIR,—In their letter in your issue of July 20th, the President and Secretary of the Student Labour Federation claim that there has been in existence for twenty-six years a national organisation for British Socialist students, formerly called the University Labour Federation, now the Student Labour Federation.

For the information of all those concerned I would point out that the University Labour Federation was, until 1940, affiliated to the Labour Party, working in co-operation with it as the officially recognised national organisation of Labour students. In that year, however, it was disaffiliated from the Party, as it had clearly come under Communist control. This was obvious from a resolution passed at the 1940 U.L.F. Conference, condemning the War and alleging that: "So far from fighting for democracy, the British and French Governments have taken the course of extreme political and social reaction."

Mr. Arthur Greenwood, who was then President of the Federation, resigned immediately the resolution was brought to his notice. The Conference replied in a collective letter declaring that Mr. Greenwood's actions and those of other leaders of the Labour Party in supporting the war was "a betrayal of Socialism and of the interests of the working class." It was after this Conference that the organisation was renamed the Student Labour Federation. A further resolution adopted by them at the 1945 Conference bears unmistakably the marks of the same influence that prevailed in 1940.

This may clear up any confusion concerning the relationship between the "national organisation of British Socialist Students" and the Labour Party.

The Labour Party, Transport House, London, S.W.1.

MORGAN PHILLIPS, General Secretary.

Sir,—Messrs. Lowy & Co. assert that the Student Labour Federation "has always been and is" dominated by Communist students; but I do not accept that view. The S.L.F. and its many affiliated Societies have been good united-front bodies; Labour and Communist students have worked admirably in them, and it really is not fair to Labour students—or adults—to suggest that they are automatically "dominated" by a Communist minority.

If the S.L.F. and its Societies had been dominated by Communists, the periodical attempts to establish rival Societies would not all come to so swift an end, either by accommodation with S.L.F. organisations or by just dying. The only and the true explanation for this is that the S.L.F. Societies have been broad enough and good enough to cater for all Socialist students, who should all share the credit for such achievements as turning universities from pools of blacklegs into Socialist strongholds. The only other possible explanation of the survival of the S.L.F. and its Societies in the face of many attacks would be that most students turn Communist on reaching the universities. I don't believe that; and I don't think Messrs. Lowy & Co. should believe it, or act as if they did.

I suggest that Labour students should get into the established Societies; if there were any danger of "Communist domination," they could diminish it by their presence; and they can fight their real enemies instead of their fellow Socialists. They will find it exhilarating, and useful.

4 Essex Court, E.C.4. D. N. PRITT

SALESMANSHIP

Sir,—My English friends, I find, believe that in North America the utmost depths of ill-taste and intrusion in advertising and high pressure salesmanship have been plumbed. And, listening to recent comments about our sponsored radio, our "soap-operas" and our plugs for somebody's pills sandwiched between children's hymn-singing, I had almost persuaded myself that these allegations were true.

But when, last week, the birth notice column of *The Times* announced the fact that my wife had borne a son, I was promptly subjected to a torrent of advertising circulars, appeals and one thing and another—most of them innocuous enough. All except one, which urged me to buy somebody's contraceptives and so prevent the recurrence of what I am apparently supposed to regard as a most unwelcome domestic disaster.

Now, sir, we have to put up with some curious forms of advertising in Canada, but, God save us, we haven't so far descended to this. I have a feeling that, were I a Roman Catholic, I should be monstrously infuriated by this impertinent circular; as it is, I must say that I resent the suggestion that my wife and I did not want this baby. While the pundits and the politicians belly-ache about the evils of sponsored radio—about which few of them seem to know anything—this sort of inexcusable intrusion on a man's private affairs appears to flourish unchecked. It seems to me a far worse abuse than the worst radio commercial ever devised.

You will perhaps forgive me if I sign myself simply

A CANADIAN

PROGRESS IN SCIENCE

By W. L. SUMNER

Demy 8vo. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. net

An account of recent developments in television, electronics, atom fission, the new drugs, plant breeding, etc.

THE ECONOMICS OF FULL EMPLOYMENT

Six studies in applied economics.

Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net

"The first attempt to deal comprehensively with the means to full employment within capitalism, and the economic problems which such a policy would involve."—*New Leader.*

BASIL BLACKWELL

Soviet Literature

a monthly devoted exclusively to Russian art and Literature (1/-)

Soviet Woman

a richly illustrated bi-monthly, devoted to art, literature and politics, published by the Women's Anti-fascist Committee of the Russian trade unions (2/6)

These magazines can be ordered through your newsagent or from

COLLET'S

9, Southampton Place, London, W.C.1.

WE HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

ABC of the Arab World

MARGARET POPE

72 pp. 3s. 6d.

James Burnham and the Managerial Revolution

GEORGE ORWELL

20 pp. 1s.

SOCIALIST BOOK CENTRE
158 · STRAND · LONDON

PERSONALITY AND RELIGION

by

WILLIAM BROWN

D.M., D.Sc., F.R.C.P.

The author's life's work, as a philosopher and psychologist at Oxford and as a medical psychologist in London, has kept the philosophical problem of religious belief constantly before his eyes. "PERSONALITY & RELIGION" contains his reasoned confession of faith on this matter.

9/6

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON PRESS LTD.
WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE English novel is very like present-day English cooking, a matter of making what you can out of what you happen to have about the house. For about two thousand years everyone has known how to write an epic poem and how to construct a tragedy: it is true that only a few people have achieved these things at all satisfactorily, but the principles at least have been stated, the problems thoroughly thrashed out. But the novel has rarely been guided by any defined purpose: it rises in response to a vague popular appetite and is formed unconsciously by the growth of the reading public. Occasionally a man of genius turns up and does something not only to satisfy the popular taste, but to change it. But what no one has managed to popularise in English fiction is a taste for ideas. One of the common household recipes for an English novel is to send your hero on a journey, to move him briskly round the social landscape, and when he has met enough odd people, to stop. There is plenty of variety, the oddities are heavily underlined, the characters all have "character," a set of easily recognisable peculiarities: and that is about all they have. They stand for nothing besides themselves; they are a random sample of social types; they entertain us, but neither they nor their author have anything very much to say. Sometimes a freak novel turns up which in its structure follows the common pattern, but is really doing something very different. Such a novel is Shorthouse's *John Inglesant*.* Here too is the familiar desultory scheme: the hero is sent on his travels and meets an immense variety of people who appear and disappear at random. But instead of meeting with footpads, bagmen, comic ostlers and easy ladies John Inglesant meets with people who all hold distinct and articulate views on the conduct of life. Some of these are historical persons; Hobbes the materialist, Henry More the Platonist, Molinos the quietist: some are fictitious; the Jesuit Hall and the worldly Cardinal. Some appear once, and we hear of them no more; some turn up again when we least expect them: it is all as casual as a picaresque novel—in a sense it is one; but the adventures are adventures among ideas. Shorthouse calls it a philosophical romance, but it is not really very philosophical. It does not reach a conclusion by the lucid methods of *Rasselas* or *Candide*, in fact no real conclusion is reached at all. Inglesant is nearly always convinced by the last person he has been talking to, and he finishes up an Anglican mainly because he happens to come back to England just before the book ends. But the *roman philosophique* is not usually a novel at all: it is a fable and its characters are only symbols. It is Shorthouse's distinction to have written a novel in which the characters represent ideas without being stylised out of all existence.

When Lord Acton, who read a quarto volume a day, first read *Inglesant*, he said he had seen nothing more thoughtful and suggestive since *Middlemarch*. It was at first privately printed, but was taken up eagerly by Macmillan at the suggestion of Mrs. Humphry Ward. It aroused the interest of Huxley, Cardinal Manning, Lord Houghton, the Warden of Keble, and a very fair selection of bishops. Mr. Gladstone was photographed with a copy of it on his knee; and he invited Mr. and Mrs. Shorthouse to a breakfast party which included Lord Rosebery, Lady Derby, Lady Galloway, and the editor of the *Spectator*. Shorthouse was rather surprised, extremely gratified, and very sensibly continued to live at Birmingham and manufacture vitriol. One of his admirers was shocked by the vitriol; he should, she said, have made nothing but attar of roses: and Edmund Gosse paints him as a sort of Birmingham Walter Pater. It is true that aestheticism had brushed him with its wing; that he had been born a Quaker and been seduced by the rich and sober colour, the decoreous sacramentalism of the English Church; that the Oxford Movement had deeply tinged his imagination. But it was only his imagination that was affected: his business sense, for instance, remained wholly unimpaired. He shows no disposition to follow Gore and the High Churchmen in a sally against the accepted basis of commercial ethics. "Surely Mr. Gore must know that buying in a cheaper market than that in which we sell is a distinct law of the providence of God? . . . I never knew a man righteous in private life who was not also righteous in commercial; indeed I do not understand the distinction." Some people were inclined to smile at the Birmingham manufacturer whose dreamlife was passed among seventeenth century English Churchmen, Italian princes and cardinals. But his special audience were neither aesthetes nor manufacturers: he appealed at once to a serious and highly cultivated public, a public—one may as well say it—a great deal more serious and cultivated than even a caviare novelist is likely to have to-day. They admired his book because it touched on some of their deepest interests, interests which they were not accustomed to find catered for in a novel at all.

For the odd thing about *John Inglesant* is that it is a novel about the Church—not about religious experience, or not mainly about that, but about religious practices and institutions. Experience of good and evil and of the necessity for salvation (whatever interpretation you may give to it) being a permanent factor in human life, is always liable to find expression, even in the novel, which usually prefers the social surface; and even in an age like the present, which prefers to avoid talking in those terms. And such themes are always liable to find an audience as long as the eternal verities are decently clad in contemporary dress—imagery drawn from the unconscious in Kafka, extreme slickness in dealing with actualities in Graham Greene. But Shorthouse is not much interested in the unchanging facts of religious psychology, or, if he is, he takes them for granted. What concerns him more is the form in which they are embodied. Almost all Shorthouse's characters accept the Christian ethos in one way or another: so probably did all his admirers. The question is what pattern of social and individual life can best express it—life in a devout community or life in the world; unfettered personal devotion or a highly organised sacerdotalism; mystical contemplation or social service. All of which questions were very much alive to Shorthouse's serious public. Those of the twentieth century who like to keep the Victorians as pets give us two flatly contradictory pictures of them, one painting their blissful certainty, the other their pitiful bewilderment. Both, of course, are true. They were certain and they were agreed, on the whole, about the general desirability of Christian behaviour; even the Agnostics believed that Christians gave the wrong reasons for doing the right things. But when it came to the form in which this general view of human purpose was to be embodied, whether it was to be the Universal Church, Exeter Hall, or the Working Men's Institute, they were hopelessly divided. Brought up as a Quaker, converted to Anglicanism, æsthetically fascinated by the Roman Church, Shorthouse was acutely aware of this uncertainty. So he sets his story in the seventeenth century when liberty of prophesying first flowered in a contending variety of sects, when no one could recognise the true Church among the host of claimants. Donne's "Show me, O Christ, Thy spouse so bright and clear" might have been the motto of John Inglesant. Very few of Shorthouse's readers can have supposed that he was doing anything but asking history to answer their own questions.

Certainly Lord Acton did not suppose so. In his immense historical blow-up of the book† he in effect complains that Shorthouse clothes the fierce controversies of the seventeenth century with a spirit of disinterested enquiry, when in fact their methods were repression and the bonfire. For Lord Acton, that eminent Roman Catholic, was so passionately liberal that Inglesant's tolerance towards Papal claims, Jesuitry and the Inquisition upset him far more than infidelity itself. That perhaps is why his other objections to the book are somewhat niggling. The learning is portentous, but as *John Inglesant* happens to be a novel, it is little to the point. Shorthouse has telescoped the events of six decades and six papacies into a few years: he says Umbria when he means Urbino: he puts di Chigi for Chigi and misspells the name of the Pope's sister-in-law. But it is difficult to feel as shocked by all this as Lord Acton is. On the life of the Ferrars and the "Protestant nunnery" at Little Gidding Shorthouse is certainly better informed than his critic; and in some places where Acton may be right Shorthouse is able to produce perfectly respectable authority for being wrong. In fact the book was written with extraordinary care, and not self-consciously got up, but done with a full and affectionate knowledge of the time. Shorthouse is an historical novelist who rebuilds a past age for the satisfaction of living in it himself. This is always a risky thing to do; the device is quite transparent, and the dweller in the glasshouse must expect to have stones thrown through the window. But after all, can the historical novel ever amount to much on any other basis? History is history, and has its own scale of values; but is laborious evocation of the past ever worth while for the artist, unless he finds in it a symbol of his own state of mind? And Shorthouse found the symbol only once. Unfortified by history, his work is pretty thin liquor. *The Little Schoolmaster Mark* is a delicate fable against the religion of æstheticism, not quite sentimental and not without a pale charm; but *Sir Percival* is altogether too pale. Both lack the rich particularity that *Inglesant* derives from intimacy with ways of thought and feeling that were once actually alive.

The unprofessional reader of *John Inglesant* is likely only to feel how well it hangs together and how few are the audible false notes. He may even notice that when Mr. Hobbes is introduced his remarks seem eminently characteristic of himself and might have appeared quite creditably in his published works; and that Mr. Henry More's conversation gives a remarkably lively presentation of that saintly but enthusiastic character. If he then turns to the article on *Inglesant* in the *Quarterly* of July 1925‡ he will find that these things are indeed so. Hobbes's conversation looks so like Hobbes because it comes straight from the *Leviathan*, Henry More's because it comes from Ward's *Life of More*. Many of the passages that give the book such an authentic air are in fact a mosaic from a variety of seventeenth-century memoirs, diaries and biographies. The apparent reality of the Italian scenes always puzzled readers of *John Inglesant*, as the author had never been out of England. Shorthouse himself was always rather coy about it. His father, it appears, had been much in Italy and used to tell stories of his travels while shaving in the morning. He told Edmund Gosse that all his local colour came from Piranesi's engravings. But even if Piranesi's engravings had been coloured, and old Mr. Shorthouse had taken longer to shave than is usual, one suspects that there must be something more to it than that. In fact, we find, Evelyn's diary has been used heavily for the Italian scenes, particularly in the set pieces—the view of Siena from the hills, the description of St. Peter's, St. John Lateran and the Cardinal's villa. But is this after all so very reprehensible, morally or artistically? You cannot convict a romancer of "unpardonable liberties" and "unaccountable slips." The unhappy Shorthouse is blamed on the one hand for getting his facts wrong, and on the other for taking so much trouble to get them right that he

* J. H. SHORTHOUSE. *John Inglesant: a Romance.* Macmillan. London, 1881.

† *Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone.* George Allen. London, 1904. pp. 126 *et seq.*

‡ W. K. FLEMING. *Some Truths About John Inglesant. Quarterly Review*, July, 1925.

lifts them straight from the quarry. And criticism is so uncertain about the novel and its relation to actuality that he is never judged by the one criterion that matters—how successfully he has fused these fragments of Burton, Evelyn, Aubrey and Anthony-à-Wood with his own reflections and imaginings to produce an harmonious whole. Perhaps it is a little too harmonious. Compared with the rumbustious English novel or the humorous English novel it lacks movement and variety; there is an absence of quaint but lovable old gentlemen and engaging rogues. But it includes some things less commonly found—a number of people who are interested in ideas; some who become attached to causes otherwise than schoolboys support football teams; and a hero whose views of happiness extend beyond a cushy job and marriage with a desirable young woman. Such people may be rare in life, but in fiction they are rarer still.

GRAHAM HOUGH

MISS POTTER AND MRS. HEELIS

The Tale of Beatrix Potter. By MARGARET LANE. *Warne.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Peter Rabbit, Jemima Puddle-Duck, Tiggy Wiggy and Hunca Munca have been granted a just apotheosis upon the children's Olympus, and one approaches a biography of their creator with proportionate good will. Then one discovers that, even if Beatrix Potter did not already interest us as a writer and illustrator, she would command our attention by the singularity of her character. And of this excellent material Miss Margaret Lane has made the best use. She writes crisply, perspicaciously and succinctly.

Beatrix Potter was born in 1866. Her parents were the children of prosperous Unitarians: her father, who had been called to the Bar, was content to live a life of idleness, amusing himself with shooting and photography; her mother was a conventional woman resembling Queen Victoria in appearance and tastes though without her shrewdness and emotional fervour. Except for a younger brother Beatrix led as a child an extremely solitary life, which continued when she was a girl. According to Miss Lane

> . . . the Victorian rich middle class, though it hoped for moneyed and imposing marriages for its daughters, did little that was practical to bring those marriages about . . . Girls of the Potters' class were not "brought out" . . . They were not allowed to find their own husbands through casual encounters, and their world had nothing corresponding to society's machinery for bringing young people together.

I must protest that here Miss Lane, as a social historian, shows herself most untrustworthy. In the Eighties the daughters of the rich middle class (unless they were Nonconformists) usually lived in a whirl of gaieties, lawn-tennis, riding, dances and trips to the Continent. The machinery for bringing young people together was admirably effective, and the closeted existence led by Beatrix Potter was, I am convinced, highly exceptional. It remains indeed doubtful how far this was imposed upon her and how far it was her own choice. Certainly her parents were tartars, and her father seems to have suffered from a neurosis similar to Mr. Barrett's, though less acute. For when Beatrix was nearly forty, he opposed her wish to marry on the ground that her suitor, a publisher, was in trade. (She stuck to her guns, but her fiancé died.) At the age of forty-seven, again in face of violent parental opposition, she did marry: her husband was a solicitor in the Lake District and the thirty remaining years of her life were happy and full.

As Mrs. Heelis of Sawrey she gained a high local reputation as a farmer and took the chair at meetings of the Herdwick Sheep-Breeders' Association.

> . . . she became a familiar figure at all the sheep fairs in the district—a very odd figure sometimes, if the weather were bad, bundled up in many layers of tweed with a stick in her hand, metal-shod clogs on her feet, and some nameless covering upon her venerable head. She would appear as spectator, exhibitor, judge, going critically round the sheep-pens with one of her shepherds—Tom Storey of Hill Top, George Walker or Anthony Benson of Troutbeck, Tom Stoddart of Tilberthwaite, absorbed and intent, speaking the same speech, and utterly indifferent to appearance.

The shrinking, hypersensitive young woman who wrote such very charming books for children had become a caustic, knowing, hard-bitten old yeoman. It is as if the Fairy Carabosse with a stroke of her wand had transformed Christina Rossetti into Tennyson's "Northern Farmer: Old Style."

Such, at least, may be one's first impression. But perhaps the metamorphosis was only superficial. If Beatrix Potter took refuge in fantasy, it was because her temperament would not let her share the pleasures normal among girls. While she was shy, she was never squeamish: she enjoyed skinning and dissecting birds and beasts. She always preferred clothes of the sort described euphemistically as "sensible." It seems therefore that her books and illustrations, so delicate and, in the common sense of the term, so feminine, may represent, paradoxically, the imaginative life of a frustrated amazon: being refused the type of adult life congenial to her, she took refuge in an artificial prolongation of her childhood. Marriage, or more exactly the independent and hearty life that her marriage opened to her, destroyed her talent, because this expense of imagination was no longer a needed exutory. After her marriage she wrote four books, only one of which can be compared with her earlier works. The three others were experiments, the value of which she seems to have wisely doubted, since she allowed them to be published only in the U.S.A. American admirers, one may note, who came to see her were well received, but anyone English who felt a natural interest in Beatrix Potter was apt to receive from Mrs. Heelis of Sawrey a rude rebuff. She now reserved her earlier, artistic or secondary personality for foreign consumption.

The whole story is of the highest psychological interest. Lack of material makes speculation both inevitable and hazardous. Miss Lane helps us with her own intelligent interpretation (which is not quite the same as what I have put forward), and also with an enlightening series of photographs. We see Mr. Potter, tight-lipped, censorious, Neanderthal; Mrs. Potter, looking rather puzzled, like so many Victorians, but self-satisfied, pop-eyed, dyspeptic, tyrannical, remorseless; Beatrix, as a child pretty and intent; a few years later, anxious and oppressed; at fifteen, solemn with the extravagant innocence of a budding nun; as a young woman, harried with the effort of self-control; on her wedding-day self-conscious and uncertain; and in the year of her death happily brimming with shrewdness, humour and vitality. Brought up by kinder and more intelligent parents, she might have won in agriculture a position like that of Sophia Jex-Blake in medicine. Instead, she has left to English children a series of masterpieces.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

GREEN-BELT CITIES

Green-Belt Cities. By F. J. OSBORN. *Faber and Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Letchworth and Welwyn, after long enough of popular misunderstanding, have come into their own; and England's two "garden cities," brought to maturity with an immense expenditure of effort that would have been made unnecessary by better statesmanship, are now recognised as the pioneers of the "New Towns" policy which the Government is making law. These two cities, as Mr. Osborn clearly shows, took so long to get on their feet because they were both starved of capital, and were unable to follow on a sufficient scale the policy, sound commercially as well as socially, of building ahead of the demand in such a way as to supply speedily the requirements of a well merited civic life. If in our housing legislation between the wars we had given proper encouragement to the "garden city" or the "green-belt city," as Mr. Osborn calls it in the title of his book, not nearly so many of our four million inter-war houses would have been built in the wrong places, in such a way as to aggravate the great-town congestion which we are now seeking to remedy. In fact, public policy between the wars encouraged suburb-building and dense urban rehousing as against dispersal; and the only new town—as distinct from suburbs—that was built had to be financed by private subscription under severely limiting conditions of finance.

Nowadays everyone praises Letchworth and Welwyn; but even to-day there are plenty of people who do not know what they are, or what the name "Garden City," invented by Ebenezer Howard, really means. It means a town, built at a low density, with plenty of garden ground, and surrounded by a rural belt permanently protected from building. It means a town built to a definite size, and with certain standards of amenity and artistic design; built as a centre of industry, as well as of residence, in such a way as to employ most of its inhabitants in trades and occupations well balanced to provide diversified openings and guard against undue dependence on any one trade. Finally, in order to ensure these things, it means a town of which the site is owned by a single, non-profit-seeking landlord, able to control its development by attaching conditions to leases, and one in which proper attention is paid to the supply of amenities as well as of houses, factories, offices and shops.

Both Letchworth and Welwyn broadly fulfil these conditions. They are both industrial and not dormitory towns, with a wide range of industries and populations that include all classes except the very rich and the very poor. Mr. Osborn gives in his book a most interesting commentary on their development—especially on that of Welwyn, where he has lived and with which he has been officially connected for many years. He has written largely in the hope that the experience of the pioneers may help those who will soon have to shape the fortunes of the new towns and of the expanded country towns to be created under the Bill now before Parliament.

Mr. Osborn has a lively style and a great deal of common sense. His book is excellent reading, and also excellent polemic against the people who, even if they praise garden cities, persistently follow in practice policies which intensify suburban sprawl. He has long been known as a vehement upholder of the cottage with garden, built at low density, as against the flat, as well as an advocate of green-belt cities against suburbs, even of the garden variety. In this book he states his case more temperately than he has sometimes done in the past, and all the more cogently, therefore. Probably he has been mellowed by victory; for his ideas are winning and, next to the pioneer Ebenezer Howard himself, he can claim more credit for their progress than any other man. G. D. H. COLE

FEAR OF DEATH

Death and the Dreamer. By DENIS SAURAT. With drawings by EDWARD BAWDEN. *Westhouse.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

In 1938, Professor Denis Saurat published with Faber's a small volume—which elicited, I think, few reviews—called *The End of Fear*. (It forms the first part of *Death and the Dreamer*, though there is no mention of earlier publication.) A strange little book, fascinating to read, hard to describe. Prose-poetry: a forbidding category. But from time to time this terrain, with its unvisited monoliths and follies, finds a new prospector driven to try where others have failed. Such was Professor Saurat. His theme, a universal one, was the fear of death; his method was to distil, in realistic anecdotes and dreams, events surrounding the death of his father. This took him to a village on the Belgian frontier,

where he visited his mother in the week following the death, and back to a peasant childhood in the Pyrenees. He wished to comfort his mother, to elucidate beliefs (both his and hers) about death, above all to recover the sources from which he had been cut off by years of academic life in London. The portrait of his mother is given in splinters of talk, gestures, memories: a form devised by Renard that has been expanded by Jouhandeau and others. Saurat takes the method in an abstract-poetic direction. Let me quote one of these pieces entire. ("The Dead"). It will give an idea of the mingled realism and poetry, anthropology and the supernatural for which the author has found a shape.

THE MOTHER: A man went out one night to relieve himself. His wife had been dead three days. In our villages, you know, there are no closets, you go outside, and at night you are afraid. You take a child with you, or a dog, or even the donkey, any living thing that keeps you company.

Because, at bottom, it's the dead you are afraid of in the dark. So that anything living, even a donkey, is a protection. But this man wasn't afraid; and he loved his wife very much. So he was weeping, all crumpled up in the dark.

And weeping, he prayed softly, to the dead woman: "Come, oh come back to me."

And all at once he heard a great shout a long way off; it was the voice of his dead wife, and she shouted: "Arribi!" That's our word for "I'm coming."

He stopped, he listened, and he heard it again, nearer: "Arribi!"

All at once he was seized with a mad fear; he pulled up his trousers and began to run towards the house; behind him someone was running faster and faster, and he got to the door just in time, shut the door, drew the bolt, and collapsed as if dead, just inside the door.

He came to himself the next morning, and there was the mark of a hand on the door, as if it had been branded on with fire. All the village saw it.

The End of Fear, now renamed *Peasant Fears*, stands by itself as a piece of writing, in which also the author's mystical ideas have not finally settled. The other four parts reverberate with this experience of death: nightmares, reported visions, telepathic communication, metaphysics, a crisis of pain and enlightenment when the author was wounded by a flying bomb in London. The lucidity of the writing no less than the passion of the author's belief make the whole book remarkable; though not, I think, quite so remarkable as that already published first part.

Some of Professor Saurat's metaphysical convictions, sustained with the kind of proof of which they are capable, will strike the reader as very extraordinary. He holds, for example, that the world was created at the moment of Christ's birth, from which time has flowed backward and forward; he believes in reincarnation (every soul going back to the moment of creation), in visions and apparitions that can be grasped by the senses. Whatever one may think of such beliefs, the author has succeeded in giving them a vivid literary form and the interest of his material never fails. The description of pain, for example, in the last section is as perceptive as any I have come across. We never for a moment doubt the accuracy of the author's transcriptions; but the truth of his book remains, of course, its unknown quantity. One may reject nearly all his conclusions (as I should), while putting a high value on what he has written. And, right or wrong, he has experienced deeply:

> Without suffering and death one learns nothing. We should not know the difference between the visions of the intellect and the facts.
>
> Only those ideas are acceptable that hold through suffering and death.
>
> When the intellect intervenes, the idea is finished. Intelligence consists in halting at the brink of the ditch one has to jump. Indeed, logically, when one comes to an empty space, one ought to halt. But life is that which leaps . . .

G. W. STONIER

NEW FICTION

Little Jo. By ROBERT BRIGHT. *Cresset Press.* 7s. 6d.

More Fellow-Countrymen. By JAMES T. FARRELL. *Routledge.* 8s. 6d.

The Dark Descent. By MORWENNA DONNELLY. *Routledge.* 8s. 6d.

"Jo was small like most people around here. There are a few who are tall, but these are too thin and they move through the world as if they never expected to get there. They begin to bend sooner than the others and even when they are young their arms dangle." With these endearing generalisations Mr. Bright begins a tale of New Mexico which is certainly the best reading among a very large number of unimportant works of fiction just out. It is a tale of violence and extreme poverty. Jo's father is in gaol for a man killed in anger. Jo grows up to kill his odious cousin. In old Cornelio, the guitar-player, and in the vindictive Aunt Luz, there is exemplary characterisation. There are graces of style and an attractive, rambling humour. Birth, copulation and death, witchcraft, hunger and financial cunning, are expertly handled. And yet at moments it is difficult to resist the feeling that one is not reading a novel at all, but looking at documentary.

Their little Spanish brothers have suddenly become prominent in the American field of vision. Few literary protests are made until the evil against which they are levelled is on the way to reform. Steinbeck is acclaimed, as Dickens was acclaimed, because he articulates a public feeling already developed. He is not a voice crying in the wilderness, as it may be Jack London was. *The Grapes of Wrath* focused a common sense of guilt and a common anxiety about the dust-bowl. *The Forgotten Village* had become a misnomer before a film company descended upon it. It was the village that everybody suddenly remembered. Mr. Steinbeck, like Dickens, has done very well out of the literature of protest. The film world being what it is, it is everybody's duty to overpraise *The Forgotten Village*, because it has beautiful moments and a degree of reality. And yet one knows perfectly well that in a world less ragged with commerce such beautiful moments would be the merest commonplace of cinema and that the camera did not touch the final reality of the people in that village. One reads *Little Jo* with the same feeling of being compromised. There is a particularly horrid jolt at the end when Jo is called away to be a soldier for Uncle Sam. I do not question Mr. Bright's sincerity.

Mr. Farrell's short stories are documentary both in effect and in intention. These fellow-countrymen are the Irish of Chicago. For the most part they are underdogs. Here and there is a Hollywood writer, a couple who can afford the trip to Europe, a French journalist for contrast, but commoner are the poor families quarrelling over Sunday lunch, the ruined pugilist, the over-conscientious night watchman, the humiliated schoolboy, the salesman whose wife gambles, the tramp who only wants to be allowed to lie down and die. Nothing happens. All these figures live in fixed, private hells. Their existence is static, repetitive, their abiding-place a treadmill or a squirrel's cage, their mood the fourth degree of hysteria. The writing is similarly flat and uneventful, and yet the whole adds up to a considerable achievement.

The clearest interest of Mr. Farrell's documentation is political. The unctuous voice of Father Moylan comes through the radio into the shabby parlour, and the young men without jobs listen and form themselves into gangs to commit acts of anti-Semitic hooliganism. The members of the Fifty-seventh Street art colony, on the other hand, are Communist sympathisers, but drink and

H. E. METCALF'S
six 50-page Books—
BEWARE JAPAN'S LEADERS
INDIA'S GLORIOUS FUTURE
RUSSIA'S GREAT OPPORTUNITY
OUR INDEBTEDNESS TO CHINA
GERMANY'S UNFORGETTABLE SAVAGERY
POLAND'S MURDEROUS ORDEAL
2/- each
or 10/6 *the set.*
("*Beware Japan's Leaders*," "*India's Glorious Future*," "*Russia's Great Opportunity*" and "*Our Indebtedness to China*" *ready now.*)
Order from your Newsagent or Bookseller or from the Publishers
WAYNFORD PRESS LTD.
GROVE ROAD · EASTBOURNE

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN —THE GUARANTEE OF A GOOD THRILLER
ALDOR
The present Best sellers among Thrillers:
BRING THE BRIDE A SHROUD
by D. B. OLSEN 8/6 net
"Aunt Martha makes a good murder . . . 'Bring the Bride a Shroud' is told with pretty humour and a sufficient gift of suspense."
—*Sunday Express.*
"Whodunnit??. . . . Dry humour gives individuality to this narrative of detection."
—*Evening Standard.*
An American record-breaking Best-seller:
THE BUTLER DIED IN BROOKLYN
By one of America's favourite authors of thrillers
R. FENISONG 8/6 net
To be published shortly in the same series: Two other Crime Club New York Prize Winners:
THE DEATH OF A SWAGMAN
by A. W. UPFIELD 8/6 net
"A. W. Upfield's detective stories are most original and diverting . . . His . . . detective is a unique figure in this class of literature."
(*Prof. E. Hooton, Harvard University*)
CALL THE LADY INDISCREET
by PAUL WELTON 8/6 net
FRANCIS ALDOR, PUBLISHER
2, Mount Row W.1

Price & Value
Price and value have been synonymous terms with Camerer Cuss since 1788 when they made clocks and watches by hand one at a time.
In these days when mass production can almost rival the craftsman, a wealth of experience is necessary to equate cost, value and usefulness in devices for the measurement of time.
When you want a watch or a clock consult Camerer Cuss. Their century and a half's experience of time-pieces gives them the knowledge and their reputation should give you confidence.
CAMERER CUSS
Clocks Watches Jewellery
NEW OXFORD STREET · LONDON · W.C.1
DnB

fornication prevent their getting to the polling-booth in time. Whether Mr. Farrell is *persona grata* at the Café de Flore, I do not know, but "Tommy Gallagher's Crusade" has more than a little in common with Sartre's early story, *L'Enfance d'un Chef*, and in this cold, merciless reportage there is a good deal of the homespun-existential.

With *The Dark Descent*, we are back in the company of the well-bred and the well-to-do, and, despite her double-Celtic name, Miss Donnelly is very, very English. Harriet is a girl painter who goes blind, gives up her gentleman-farmer fiancé and the country house of her titled parents and goes to live with her nanny in a small house on a common at the outskirts of London. Within a year, her sight returns, and she returns. In the meantime, she has found "self-realisation," largely through a shadowy figure who comes to the house and says nice things to her on nanny's afternoon off. This dream-lover makes no demands of his own, and Harriet throws him off without trouble. He has as little reality as if Miss Donnelly had closed her eyes one afternoon and thought hard about the ideal holiday companion for a sensitive girl, though his first entrance is beautifully done. It is a curiously fussy, withheld and even insipid book, full of Charles Morgan's kind of mysticism about personal relationship. It is essentially a book about people who *don't*. In the end, to be sure, Gervase kisses Harriet on the mouth, but John had previously kissed her only upon the *face*, a somewhat indeterminate area which can hardly be thought to constitute an erotogenic zone.

Poems are quoted in three languages (the title is Milton), and there are some attractive gramophone records in the house. Both Gervase and Harriet love horses. The complete relationship is pursued in terms like these:

> Once it had been possible to escape tension by isolating oneself from its cause, by a mental leap into space which placed it in perspective. Now he stood on the razor's edge where every impulse of the will is turned against itself and every step may prove false and a final negation. But now as never before some vital adventure of faith was called for, which until then he had not even remotely considered; and he saw with a flash of fatefulness that until it was made the subtle intimations of the future could never be his, for the past and the present were arraigned against him, carrying his own suffering like weapons in their hands.

This is Morganatic, though I usually feel that I know what Mr. Morgan means, and I do not know what Miss Donnelly means in passages like this. But especially must the author of that blind masterpiece of 1939, *The Blaze of Noon*, have turned in his grave.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

PROBLEM OR SIMPLE EQUATION?

The Feminine Character. History of an Ideology. Viola Klein, Ph.D., The International Library of Sociology and Social Reconstruction. Editor: KARL MANNHEIM. *Kegan Paul.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In his preface to this book Dr. Mannheim stresses the need in Investigating Research to combine different aspects of the same subject which have hitherto been kept in watertight compartments, and this Dr. Klein sets out to do on the subject of women. She has boiled down a number of opinions and findings from psychologists, sociologists, anthropologists, etc., on the character or (as she seems to prefer it) the Problem of Woman, and out of some dizzily contradictory material has sought to make a synthesis. Literature is represented in an appendix containing the analysis of a novel by a woman about three generations of Dutch women.

There is one criticism to make at the outset. Dr. Klein repeatedly refers to psychology and sociology as sciences. Though it is true their best work is empirical and most folks would agree that they appear to be in process of becoming sciences, one would hesitate as yet to admit their full claim to such a title. As this book abundantly illustrates, the attempts of psychologists and sociologists to found laws or draw conclusions of a universal nature are somewhat premature. Such conclusions are too often coloured by emotional attitudes and prejudices, as Dr. Klein herself has pointed out in the case of Freud, whose rather low opinion of women she partially attributes to his Central European and Jewish origins.

The synthesis which emerges somewhat arbitrarily in view of the contradictory nature of the various conclusions, is not new. Personality traits in women, as in men and dogs for that matter, are socially rather than biologically determined. One regrets that Dr. Klein spent so much time potting Penguin Specials to arrive at this point. May it not be regarded as an omission that there is no chapter on the Russian experiment with women since the Revolution? It would have been of special interest at a time when we are being told that, having emancipated women under the impact of the Communist ideology, the Russians are pushing them back home now that intensified male militaristic training is the order of the day. Another profitable chapter might have been written on the direct effect of science on the lives of modern women, in so far as it has given them contraceptives, easier childbirth and easier housework. One would have liked to see, too, in the chapter on the historical background, some discussion of the far-reaching effects of the fact that the Woman's Movement, in this country at least, has been, and largely remains, an upper class one—it made possible economically the philanthropic beginnings of women's work in the nineteenth century. The nursing profession still suffers from it.

Following her conclusions about personality traits, the Problem as Dr. Klein now sees it is "No longer what are women able to do? but what are the limits to which society can go in granting them equality without endangering its continued existence and the happiness of individuals?" One entirely agrees with Dr. Klein that the first question has been answered. The second question might have been less generally stated. Society, after all, is composed half of women, and its relation to their fate, especially in democratic countries where they are enfranchised, cannot be as detached as Dr. Klein's wording might lead us to think. Again, what is meant by *equality?* Does it mean the right to compete with men on equal terms? Some women have already done this successfully, but the fact remains that so long as the majority of women decide to go on having children and to rear them, they are handicapped in competitive employment with men, even though the State relieves them of a certain amount of the care of their young.

It is true, of course, that there are problems connected with woman's position in society to-day, the chief one being the amateur status of most women in employment. Women can give up and get married, or return to their homes if already married, should they find outside work uncongenial. The increasing totalitarian nature of the economies of most countries makes such individualistic conduct increasingly difficult to maintain, and a time may come when women will have to leave this half-way house to which, for biological reasons alone, they are so well suited. They may have to decide whether to leave the home or their job. It is not stupidity which makes so many of them, faced with such an alternative, prefer the home. Most work in civilisation to-day, whether done by men or

Pure Water is Essential . . .

STILL MALVERN WATER, the purest known water, can still be supplied without restriction of area throughout Great Britain. Singularly free from mineral salts and solids, which may be harmful to the system, it is highly recommended by the medical profession.

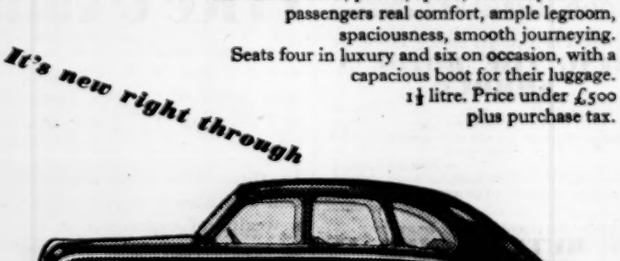
STILL MALVERN WATER can be obtained in sealed bottles (Extra Large) from any Grocer, Chemist or Wine Merchant.

ST. ANNE'S WELL MALVERN — COLWALL SPRINGS nr. MALVERN

DELIVERIES START IN THE NEW YEAR

The first wholly peacetime car. For the driver, ease of control, unbroken vision, power, speed, economy. For the passengers real comfort, ample legroom, spaciousness, smooth journeying. Seats four in luxury and six on occasion, with a capacious boot for their luggage. 1½ litre. Price under £500 plus purchase tax.

It's new right through



THE JAVELIN

a completely new car by JOWETT

JOWETT CARS LIMITED • 48 ALBEMARLE STREET • PICCADILLY • LONDON • W.1

"BOTH WAYS"

This hardy evergreen of life assurance, designed specially for young men, is more than ever the policy of the moment.

Let it help to smooth *your* road through the years of endeavour ahead.

You will put yourself under no obligation by writing for full details to

The Secretary

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND

Head Office: 9 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, 2

London Offices: 28 Cornhill, E.C.3 17 Waterloo Place, S.W.1

women, is less creative than running a home and rearing children. Perhaps the two things most needed for women are economic independence through social security and a revaluation of those jobs which are solely women's sphere. But this brings us to another Problem, the Problem of Man by whose yardstick women are inclined to measure their own accomplishment. Dr. Klein suggests as a further fruitful research, a comparison of personality traits of women and other social groups in a similar position, Jews, converts, conquered peoples, American Negroes, etc. And after that, why not a companion study on the Problem of Man, with a comparison of his personality traits with, say, those of Nazis, Fascists, conquering nations and Ku-Klux-Klan?

DOROTHY BAKER

Week-end Competitions

No. 862

Set by J. R. Till

The usual prizes are offered for verses on A Week at a Holiday Camp, in the manner of either Pope or A. E. Housman. Length not to exceed 14 lines, entries by August 13th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 859

Set by Allan M. Laing

A friend of mine, a NEW STATESMAN competitor, once addressed a sonnet to Mr. Bernard Shaw, who read it and remarked: "Yes: it's all right, but why not a limerick?" Well, why not? The usual prizes are offered for a limerick celebrating the 90th anniversary of G.B.S's birth. "Cockney" rhymes exploiting the intrusive R will be inadmissible.

Report by Allan M. Laing

A good limerick is more precious than rubies; and I am afraid that only a smallish proportion of the huge batch I have just finished judging qualify for the adjective. Unfortunately, Mr. Shaw himself has not competed, possibly because (as a competitor reminds me) he believes the best limericks to be unprintable. William Bliss wished me to disqualify everyone who evaded the "aw" rhyme; but I hesitated at such a drastic step, and have been ruthless only with the numerous competitors who made use of the intrusive R. They were warned! I withhold further comment in order to leave room for more limericks. As for prizes, I recommend a guinea to "Little Billee" for four excellent entries, and half a guinea each to the ten entrants whose limericks are printed below his.

FIRST PRIZE

A lively young prophet named Shaw
For ninety years laid down the law,
"And now," said the sage,
"That I've reached middle age,
"I've nothing to add—or withdraw!"

A slayer of dragons I saw:
An exponent of brotherhood's law:
A prophetical wit:
All three names seem to fit:
St. George! St. Bernard! St. Shaw!

I've a theory that patriarch, Shaw,
Was King Solomon's brother-in-law;
There's a reference to Shaw MS.
In one of the Psalms:
A reflection which fills me with awe!

At ninety years old, Bernard Shaw
Continues to lay down the law;
When a critic uncouth
Called him "long in the tooth,"
"Not the tooth," he replied, "but the jaw!"

"LITTLE BILLEE"

SECOND PRIZES

Hail, bland incorruptible sage,
Who can subjugate while you enrage,
Put more high-pressure sense
On a card for two-pence
Than the next man will get on a page. D. H.

All subjects, terrene and thalassic,
All ages, unborn or Jurassic,
You've continued to limn
With such gusto and vim
That at ninety you're now a World's Classic.

LESLIE JOHNSON

All his life, Mr. George Bernard Shaw
Has enjoyed catching fools on the raw.
At ninety, we find,
There's no change in his mind
Or decay in the snap of his jaw.

AUBREY HERBERT

That smasher of shams, Bernard Shaw,
Points out to the sophist the flaw
In each flattering unction,
And, lacking compunction,
Makes hay of the drowning man's straw.

FRANK BUCKLAND

For the last ninety years, I surmise,
Shaw's been early to bed and to rise.
He is terribly healthy
And terribly wealthy
And terribly, terribly wise.

FERGIE

That serious moralist, Shaw,
The masses, alas! only saw
As a gay vegetarian
Nonagenarian
Leg-puller, licensed by law.

R. D. C.

Whenever throughout such a span did a
Playwright excel? For what man did a
Play that still can
Equal *Arms and the Man*,
Or hold half a candle to *Candida*?

WILLY TADPOLE

Ninety summers—and never a platitude
Or a single uncivilised attitude,
Ebullient heir
Of Sam Butler, Voltaire,
Would you mind if we mentioned our gratitude?

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

O sage of the stage, Shaw of Shaws,
As your victims we venture applause,
Too ascetic for Paris,
Not to mention Frank Harris,
Your Webb-footed genius awes.

HAROLD ELLIS

'Twas I when a student so raw
Who scribbled those lines, Mr. Shaw:
My sonnet, though slated,
Can be renovated,
And so, I've no doubt, can your claw.

As one who's a mere thirty-five
I presume that I'm not half-alive:
Are these figures a flaw,
Mr. Superman Shaw?
Say, when does one really arrive?

J. R. TILL

GIVE YOUR FRIENDS ABROAD "N.S.& N." Subscriptions. Supplies for **OVERSEAS** are now unrestricted. A **POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION** to any address in the world costs: Yearly, 32s. 6d. Six months, 16s. 3d. Three months, 8s. 6d. **BY AIR** to any country in Europe £2 7s. 6d. yearly, and to other countries by special quotation.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland 1½*d.: Foreign*, 1*d.: Canada*, 1*d.*

Company Meeting

BEECHAM GROUP

EXPANSION POLICY

The eighteenth ordinary general meeting of the Beecham Group, Limited, was held in London on July 26.

Sir J. Stanley Holmes, M.P., the chairman and managing director, said that the trading profit for the year ended March 31, 1946, earned by the companies of the Group operating in almost all parts of the world amounted to £2,784,729, compared with £2,401,581 in the previous year.

Last year he had stated that the Group, which consisted of over 100 companies and branches, had its plans laid for a rapid expansion of export business all over the world in the immediate post-war years. The increase in the profit on the export trade showed that that plan was already in operation. Throughout the world, and particularly in the British Commonwealth, they were strengthening their organisation and developing their trade.

Last year it had been reported that they had recently entered the food market and had acquired the equity of C. and E. Morton, Ltd. During the past year the shares of further food companies had been acquired at a total cost, including Morton's, of approximately £1,000,000. They had registered a new company with a capital of £1,000,000, styled "Beecham Food Products, Limited," to which the shares of all the food companies had been transferred. They believed that they had not only acquired businesses soundly established and with great prospects but that they had through them attached to the Group a number of men of great experience in the food trade.

Their research investigations covered four main fields—food, pharmaceutical, veterinary, toilet and cosmetics.

The report was adopted.

RHEUMATISM

Rheumatism—however mild your symptoms—exacts a merciless toll in pain and expense if not checked in time. Poisons and impurities in your system are often the cause of rheumatic disorders. To get rid of these poisons, doctors recommend the drinking of mineral spa waters. But a visit to a spa involves time and expense that many people simply cannot afford these days.

'Alkia' Saltrates may be described as a spa treatment *in your own home*. It contains the medicinal qualities of *seven* world-famous springs and has the same beneficial effect on the system at a fraction of the cost and without the inconvenience of travelling to an actual spa. A teaspoonful of 'Alkia' Saltrates in warm water before breakfast each morning soon relieves pain. Taken regularly, this pleasant effervescent drink *dissolves impurities* in the blood-stream and eliminates them from the system, thus helping to prevent recurring attacks of rheumatism.

A bottle of 'Alkia' Saltrates costs 3/9 (inc. purchase tax). Get one from your chemist to-day and begin your spa treatment to-morrow morning.

No pen is there like it,
for smoothness and flow!
Its name, so world famous,
you're certain to know

It's only a graze . . .
but look at the dirt!

Lucky I've got MILTON—
that'll stop the germs
and help it to heal